

The TATLER

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London, January 8, 1930

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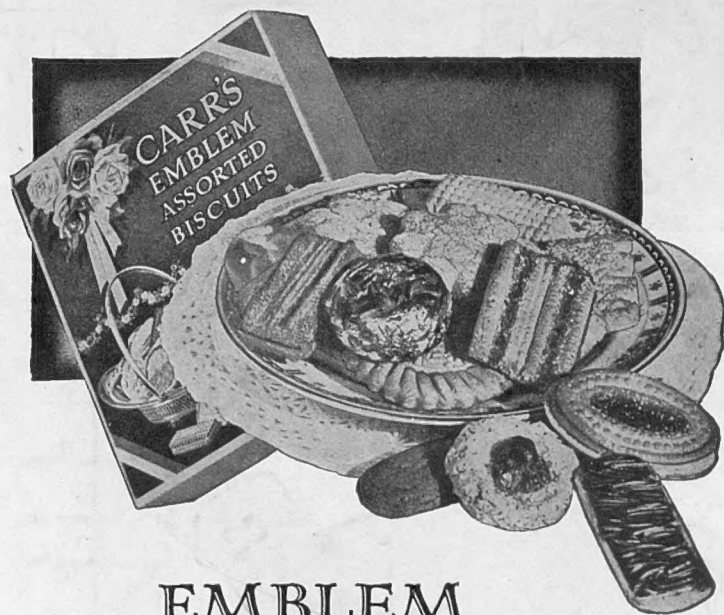
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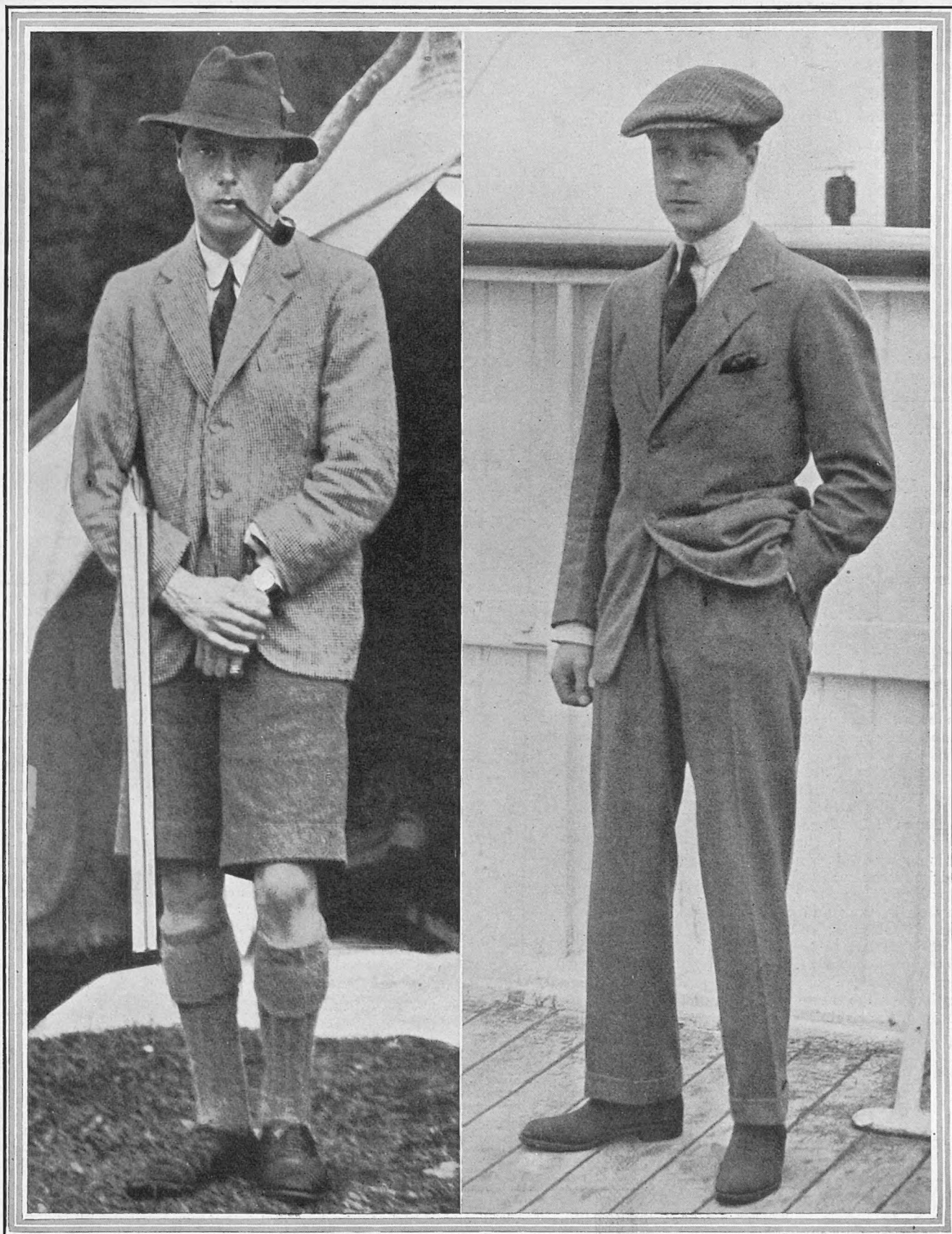
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THE EMPIRE'S GREATEST AMBASSADOR

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVES FOR AFRICA

The present African tour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is not primarily an "ambassadorial" one, for it is but to resume his interrupted safari of last year, and is in no way an official progression. H.R.H. left by the s.s. "Kenilworth Castle" last Friday, and is due in Cape Town on January 30. He will be the guest of H.E. the Earl of Athlone, his uncle, during the time he is in Cape Town, and will then go north through Rhodesia to Dodoma, Tanganyika, the point at which he abandoned his last year's expedition on the news of the serious illness of H.M. the King, and the eventual point is the Serengeti Plain, where the major part of the big-game shoot will happen. H.R.H. is expected to return to England in April



H.M. THE EX-KING OF GREECE'S VISIT TO TOROSAY CASTLE

A hitherto unpublished group taken when H.M. the ex-King George of Greece was on a visit to Torosay Castle, Isle of Mull, the seat of Mrs. Murray Guthrie. The names, left to right, are: Miss Taylour, Mr. Levidas (H.M.'s Equerry), Mrs. Archie James, the Countess of Craven (in front), Mr. Pat Guthrie (behind), Mrs. Murray Guthrie, H.M. the ex-King of Greece; in front—Master William Crawshaw, Master David James

The Letters of Eve



THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT AND MR. BOYD THOMSON

At the South of England Coursing Meeting, which was held at Mentmore, Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire seat. The Hon. Lavinia Strutt is Lady Rosebery's daughter by her first marriage. Mr. Boyd Thomson is the secretary of the Whaddon Chase Hunt, of which Lord Rosebery is the Master—and is to the satisfaction of everyone carrying on next season

off for Africa on Friday. But to return to the ball. The date was hardly a happy one for local hostesses who wanted to make a double event with dances of their own for the benefit of the assembled house-parties, for both the two days before it and the two days after it were obviously impossible. However one can't have everything, and neither snow, ice, nor wind arrived to make things difficult in the way of getting there. And we were thankful for that since King's Lynn being practically on the sea-edge of the county, it was a long drive for most people.

Most of the Norfolk celebrities, including the late Master, Colonel Seymour and his wife, and the new one, Colonel Oliver Birkbeck and Lady Joan, who brought a big party with them. Then there was Lady Townshend and her party from Raynham, Lord Romney, and Lord and Lady Edward Hay. I think the three prettiest people in the room were Miss Villiers-Stuart, who came with her father and mother, and Mrs. Philip Gribble in a becoming honey-coloured frock, and



THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON AND HER SON TEDDY

Another snapshot at the South of England Coursing Meeting at Mentmore. Mrs. George Lambton is of course the wife of the famous ex-Newmarket trainer, the Hon. George Lambton

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

DEAREST,—This new year has started rather more auspiciously than usual. For besides the usual accompaniment of new honours, broken resolutions, births and weddings, engagements both officially announced and unofficially rumoured, it has given us the priceless Exhibition of Italian works of art at Burlington House. One can hardly think of anything better to lighten the darkness of London in these January days when half the world is by way of having gone abroad; another quarter is kept more or less permanently in the country by hunting and a succession of hunt balls; and those of us who are left in town are left to our own resources. And what a boon as a source of inspiration for the cartoonists! But more of the Exhibition later on.

For first I must go back to the few days just before the New Year. Almost the first event after Christmas was the West Norfolk hunt ball on the Friday night. This is always fixed to catch the Royal party at Sandringham, and both the Prince and the Duke of Gloucester looked in for an hour or two before going on to Melton to hunt next day. The Prince's first day out this season, by the way, and his last before starting

Mrs. Alex McBean in black embroidered tulle, who both arrived with Mrs. Raymond's big party from Ketteringham. The Philip Gribbles have just recently come to live in the county, at Tacolnstone, the place which belonged for a time to "Jix." And one of the improvements they have made there is to put an open air swimming pool. He, by the way, is now writing his third book.

Mrs. Boileau herself looked very well in a dress of fine black lace with the family emeralds. Her party included also Miss Daphne Wallace, a pretty fair-haired girl well known in the Bicester country and a sister of Mrs. Jack Fane, the Chirnsides and Miss Sophie Barker Hahlo, who was a debutante of last season, and her brother. Mrs. Barker Hahlo's place, Langleys, a few miles out of Norwich, is full of the most lovely Chippendale, a lot of which was originally made for the house. Practically all the people and a few more were at the Ketteringham dance on New Year's Eve given by Sir Maurice Boileau and his brother and sister-in-law, Colonel and Mrs. Raymond Boileau. The house party had by then been increased by the arrival of young Lady Seafeld, and General and Mrs. Geoffrey White, and her son Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, who has lately left the Grenadier Guards to go into "affairs" in the City.

There seem to have been endless private dances given in the country between Christmas and the New Year, three of the best being the Duchess of Norfolk's, Lady Apsley's, and Lady Malmesbury's. But it is impossible to be everywhere at once. We are in for a perfect orgy of hunt balls this month. Surely last Friday's list must have been almost a record, sixteen of them in all, counting in a few regimental and county ones. And some so near together, like the Blackmore Vale and the Beaufort, of which more in my next letter, that one wonders why they should have been arranged to clash. The last few days before the end of the year brought various new engagements, too. One of them, Miss Olive Plunket's to Lord Brougham and Vaux, and another Mr. Dennis Stucley's to that very pretty girl Lady Rosemary Baring. There have been many rumours also of two others which will cause something of a stir when they are



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY'S NEW YEAR PARTY

A group taken on the night of the dance at Heron Court, Christchurch, Hants, where Lord and Lady Malmesbury had a New Year house party of mostly young people. Lord Malmesbury is in the centre standing just behind Lady Malmesbury (centre, seated), and amongst the other men are Viscount Curzon, Viscount FitzHarris, Lord Malmesbury's son, Mr. Godfrey-Faussett, and Mr. David Colville. Seated, left to right of Lady Malmesbury, are Miss Joyce Goschen, Lady Georgina Curzon, and another; seated on floor—Miss Viola Cuthbert, Miss Judy Dawson, Lady Elizabeth Fremantle, and Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips

good authority, but being otherwise occupied I did not do much more than catch fleeting glimpses of Lady Chamberlain, to whom we offer all praise and honour for her work in getting the pictures here.

Lord Brentford, who was seeing as much as he could before departing next day on a three-months' trip to the East, and such discriminating persons as Lady Oxford, Lady Cunard, Mr. Seymour Leslie, Baroness d'Erlanger, Sir John and Lady Lavery, and a number of young men with charming voices and a presumably quite devastating knowledge of the subject of Italian painters and Italian painting.



WITH THE BICESTER LAST WEEK

A group taken when these hounds met at Middleton Park, Bicester, the Earl of Jersey's seat. Lady Cynthia Slessor, Lord Jersey's mother, the young Earl, and Major Evans taking precautions against the chill of the morning

officially announced. One will be before very long. The parties concerned are both very young. The other is still in the lap of the gods, I believe, but if it does materialise there will be great excitement and some heart-burning I imagine.

Private views have become terribly public nowadays, and it was almost impossible to move round the galleries of Burlington House last Monday and Tuesday when the Italian pictures were open to the gaze of the invited elect. Those two days revealed the fact that London was anything but as empty as it is supposed to be at this time of the year. Everybody seemed to be there. At least I hear so on

Personally, I was too much concerned with trying to increase my own scanty knowledge to notice anyone else, for the only thing is to be quite firm and selfish, and get into the inner ring of people standing quite close to the wall, otherwise one can see nothing. Of course it will take dozens of visits to see these pictures properly, but thank heaven that the Exhibition is open until March 8. For it is a sheer joy from the very first room, with its lovely virgins set in the most glorious colours, painted six and seven hundred years ago. And who could do justice in words, least of all myself, to those exquisite Botticellis, the delicious pageantry of the Pesellino episodes, the glorious Mantegnas, and all the rest in those first three galleries, which are about all one can see in one visit.

(Continued on p. 50)



A NEW YEAR FANCY BALL AT MÜRREN

A group taken at the cheery function at the Palace Hotel, Murren, which brought 1930 in. In the centre is Mrs. Wessel (with violin), Lady Burney is the jockey, Lord Vernon the ring-master, Madame Hasselbach (in the pink coat) is on the right, and Mr. P. F. Shaw-Stewart is also in the group.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—cont.

Taking a second glance round at the people in the galleries before leaving, I noticed Mrs. Richard Guinness, accompanied by a hatless daughter, Mrs. Roland Cubitt, in a symphony of gold and brown, examining the Davids with Captain Bobby Jenkinson, and Mrs. Dudley Coats wearing a neat pony-skin and her usual *distracte* look. And Lady Colefax was of course much to the fore escorting friends and showing them her favourite pictures. Miss Imogen Rhys I noticed, too, with her father on her right and Sir Philip Sassoon on her left, and Mrs. Charles Hunter had given up the struggle, and had sunk into a seat opposite the Tiepolos.

I felt by then that it was time for me too to give up the struggle, for weariness and the pangs of hunger are the inevitable result of picture-gazing. So I repaired to that little restaurant in Jermyn Street, which is always crowded at lunch time. And even more crowded than usual when I found it, for I discovered many people who had drifted on from Burlington House. Lord Tennyson was there too with a big party, and Sir John Milbanke with three other young men of whom one was Mr. Peter Du Cane. And Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Drummond, and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth looking more enchantingly pretty than ever, partly perhaps because she is wise enough to alternate the more hectic life of London with long spells of the more simple life at Mereworth. And last but not least, the most divine chow puppy complete with its new mistress, Miss Mala Brand.

The exodus to St. Moritz has begun. Those faithful habitués, the Duke of Alba, Señorita de Alvarez, and Sir Samuel Hoare have already been there for some time. And I met Mr. Philip Yorke looking very disconsolate as he had planned to start on the day that all the boat services were suspended owing to bad weather, so he hadn't been able to go and all his plans were upset. A large party being going to Suvretta is being organised by Lady Rachel Stuart; it includes Lord and Lady Balniel, Lady Cranborne, Guy Lambert and the high-spirited

Tom Verney who is the life and soul of every party. Lady Marjorie Hamilton is also going to Suvretta, for I met attractive Veronica Christie-Miller, who told me she was joining her there. Lord Borodale is off next week too; he is torn between the attractions of hunting and ski-ing, and hopes there will be a hard frost so that his mind can be made up for him. I am all for a bit of sun myself.

The exodus, in fact, seems to be pretty general. And among the latest to leave us of our brightest and most decorative, apart from the Prince of Wales, are Lady Furness and her husband, who have gone off for some months to East Africa. And Miss Margaret Ruthven is making quite a long parting from her twin sister, Mrs. Barran, by going out to America to join her elder sister, Lady Carlisle, who has been basking in the sun at Palm Beach. Madeira, too, is calling numbers of people this year, and both Lady Somerleyton, that most indefatigable and most efficient of travellers, and Lady Godfrey-Faussett are on their way there. So is that extremely pretty girl, Miss June Looker, who is forsaking the joys of hunting for sunshine and bathing.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever,

EVE.



A GREAT CAMERONIANS RE-UNION

A hogmanay re-union at Hamilton, the regimental depôt of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), was made possible by the fact that the two regular battalions were for a week together in Great Britain, the 2nd having arrived from India on December 29 and the 1st departing for Egypt on January 7. Major-General E. S. Girdwood, C.B., C.M.G., presided at a dinner at which five commanding officers and thirty-five serving officers were present. The names in this interesting group, left to right, are: Lieut.-Colonel T. Kirkwood (Comm. 7th Batt.), Lieut.-Colonel A. R. MacAllan (Comm. 2nd Batt.), Major J. F. Evetts (Comm. Regt. Depôt), Major-General E. S. Girdwood, C.B., C.M.G. (Colonel of Regt.), Colonel A. D. McInnes-Shaw, D.S.O. (Comm. 5/8th Batt.), Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Hyde Smith, D.S.O. (Comm. 1st Batt.), and Lieut.-Colonel J. C. E. Hay (Comm. 6th Batt.)

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Countess of Seafield
and Miss Loelia Ponsonby



Yvonne
**THE COUNTESS
OF SEAFIELD**

Tremendous interest was aroused last week by the rumoured engagement of the Countess of Seafield and the announcement that Miss Loelia Ponsonby is to marry the Duke of Westminster. The youngest peeress in her own right, who at the time of writing has neither confirmed nor denied the report which has linked her name with that of Mr. Derrick Studley-Herbert, is a most charming person and exceedingly popular both in England and Scotland, where she owns many thousands of acres. The arts appeal to her, particularly music and painting, and travel is one of her enthusiasms. Mr. Studley-Herbert, who used to be in the Grenadier Guards, is Mrs. Geoffrey White's son. The future Duchess of Westminster, Sir Frederick and Lady Ponsonby's only child, is clever, enterprising, excellent company, and always beautifully dressed. Few people have a stronger flair for organisation, and many charity balls and other functions have owed their success to Miss Ponsonby's brain waves



MISS LOELIA PONSONBY

Cecil Beaton

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Odds and Ends

I HAVE received the following letter from some place in Australia which calls itself either Neutral Bay or Mental Bay. My unknown correspondent's hand-writing makes it impossible for me to be precise. After paying me a compliment which I should blush to divulge to anybody except the editor of this paper, the writer goes on: "'Babylon at Brixton' is an excellent description of any one of our great Australian cinemas. The Capitol looks like Rome gone mad. The State is a mixture between a Louis XV drawing-room and a mid-Victorian wax-works. *But both have good orchestras.* Another atrocity is just being built here in Sydney. In spite of the fact that my work is closely bound up with the technical side of talkie apparatus, I am heartily with you in your campaign, 'Death to the talkies!'"

But my correspondent is making a mistake if he thinks that I stand absolutely for annihilating the talkies. I only want to do away with the bunk and balderdash which they so largely talk. As soon as the film magnates realise that the mentality of cinema-goers is above that of the village idiot I shall be content. Let the magnates cater for one grade of intelligence above the village idiot's, say his normal brother's. Ever since these articles started I have tried to din this simple wish into the general ear, with the result that I have been represented as advocating a type of film which is twin with that conception of the theatre fostered by "The Theatre Arts Monthly." I am persuaded that if that pretentious playhouse, with its "dynamic scene," "rhythmic planes," and other wildfowl ever comes into being the audience will consist uniquely of my friend Mr. Ashley Dukes, who in the intervals of composing pot-boilers for Mr. Matheson Lang brilliantly elucidates the Higher Fudge. No, I desire not to empty the cinemas but to fill them. It is because I do not believe that cretinism can have a permanent appeal for anybody except cretins that I want to see the standard of the talkies raised. I want to devise some means of driving it into the film magnates' heads that the War was not fought solely round Miss Clara Bow or some other cloying hoyden. That that belief endures is proved by some preliminary literature which the postman has brought me since I sat down to write, and which concerns a film called *The Sky Hawk*: "The story is that of a youthful peer who joins up with the Royal Flying Corps in the early part of the War. He has a dramatic meeting with a Canadian girl, and their romance, progressing through various vicissitudes vividly interwoven with most thrilling and realistic episodes of the air raids over London, reaches its climax when the young airman engages the Zeppelin single-handed." May I suggest that dealing, or being dealt, death in the air has nothing whatever to do with Nature's arrangements for propagating the species on the earth below? It is significant that the world's most successful war play contains no love interest. Which omission is, I understand, to be "rectified" when that play is made into a film. Please do not let me be misunderstood. Nobody can divorce sex, or that prettier thing which is called romance, from war, or for that matter from anything else. One can understand an engine-driver running past a signal if his wife were dying. I myself was present when a well-known boxer retired from a fight after two inglorious rounds on the plea that he couldn't give his mind to the fight as his wife was in imminent expectation of a baby. The fight was immediately terminated, the boxer was sent home, and later on in the evening a happy announcement was made from the ring by the master of ceremonies. The girls they left behind them are as old as the Grenadier Guards. But I doubt if a history of those young ladies would be regarded as a satisfactory record of the regiment. Romance decorates War as it decorates everything else in life; the fault your scenario-monger makes is to take romance for his theme and to use the war to decorate it. That is what is hideously wrong with nearly all war-films. The same mentality pervades the talkies and makes them talk nonsense. Abolish the nonsense, or diminish it, and I will shout for the talkies as loud as anybody.

I could have shouted the other day for a film in which Pauline Frederick was performing. The film ought to have been called *Rehabilitation*, but wasn't. It was all about a woman who, wrongfully divorced, pined for her little son; and



SALLY STARR AND LEILA HYAMS

Two of the fairest (and darkest) beauties in Hollywood play the game called by some "smack-feather" to relieve the tedium of the hard work in the studio and the glare of the arc lamps. Leila Hyams was in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and many other good pictures. Sally Starr is also a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress

he, pining for his mother, found her sitting on a river bank feeding swans. So the little boy called the unknown lady princess, and invited her to his father's house, where she supped, wearing her most remorseful diamonds. Presently her ex-husband returned and vilified her, whereupon she stepped into a three-thousand-guinea Hispano-Suiza with a dignity which a working man's wife can never afford. Then the man who had never been her lover died, clutching a confession to that effect. Whereupon the ex-wife, who really had a mind made up of blotting-paper and unshed tears, threw over a middle-aged lover of the type which in the theatre is always played by Mr. Robert Horton and ultimately espoused by Miss Marie Löhr, and returned to her former and lugubrious husband, solely of course to be near her child. Frankly, I did not believe one single word of the entire story, and nothing will convince me that any woman who is desperately in love with another man will return to a brutal husband whom she detests for the sake of a brat of nine in a sailor-collar. She has only to wait a year or two and she can have the kid if he likes her. And if he doesn't what's the use? But despite the absurd plot and a dialogue as sticky as Wembley Rock, I enjoyed every moment of *Evidence*, for the simple reason that Pauline Frederick is essentially an actress, and a very fine actress. How much more, then, should I have enjoyed myself if there had been anything in the entertainment to entertain a sentient being? I leave the answer to Hollywood, which of course would esteem an audience of four village idiots more than one composed of Bacon, Newton, and Professor Einstein. Four, you see, pay more for their seats than three. There is no chink in the armour of Hollywood's arithmetic.

By the way, I should like to thank the writer of a recent paragraph in which he drew attention to a hint alleged to have been thrown out as to the provincial showing of *The Taming of the Shrew*: "It may be advisable to suppress the name of the author." The writer of the paragraph refrained from comment and so will I, except to say that I spent the remainder of the day amazed at the cuteness of the Beast. For, of course, the hint is entirely proper, since mention of the name in question will drive nobody into a cinema, and will certainly keep many out.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xiv

A GOOD BAG IN COUNTY CAVAN



CAPTAIN THE HON. CHARLES MULHOLLAND, THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT, CAPT. C. MOORE, THE EARL OF KINGSTON, AND (in front) MRS. TISDALL



LORD ROSSMORE STANDS AT EASE



SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE, BT.



CAPTAIN TISDALL, LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR, CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE, VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT, AND THE EARL OF BECTIVE

An imposing array of guns were in action when Lord Headfort had his second shoot of the season at Virginia Park, his sporting estate in County Cavan. Lord Bective, the elder son of the house, only pays short visits to Ireland these days, as electrical concerns in London keep him very busy. His marriage to Sir Rupert Clarke's widow took place in 1928. Captain Mulholland is Lord Dunleath's heir, and Captain Moore, who is considered one of the best shots in Ireland, is Lord Denbigh's son-in-law. He and his wife have had lots of congratulations on the arrival of a son. Lord Rossmore has also cause for congratulation in the fact that his sister, Lady Bailey, so frequently in the air apparent, has been created a D.B.E. Lord Kingston owns Kilronan Castle in County Roscommon. Sir Hercules Langrishe, one of the best of good sportsmen, was master of the Kilkenny for eighteen years. Lord Powerscourt, a Senator of the Free State Parliament, is H.M.'s Lieutenant for County Wicklow

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

WITH the ground now thoroughly saturated, sport continues to be first class, and the Quorn in a grand hunt from Gartree dispelled the last remains of Christmas.

It was particularly hard lines that a stone-cold fox beat them by crawling into the Prince of Wales' Covert.

Saturday was the most gruelling day of the year, and the text for the day was, "Smite, smite again, and fear not." Everyone jumped or got into the brook twice, and one water enthusiast went and jumped it every time she got within a field of it. Everyone delighted to see H.R.H. the Prince of Wales out again, and no one more delighted than himself to judge by appearances.

Once again the Quorn had a wet Monday, but they have developed two good things this season, viz., one fox, who runs from Old Dalby to The Curate, and one from The Curate to Sherbrookes. It was probably only the presence of the Joint Master of the Belvoir that prevented him running right on into Hose Covert.

The General probably had more command of men in the field than he does of his horse in ditto, at least this seems to be the most charitable excuse for an unwarranted charge of a junior officer in mid air. The next time they met, the latter, having less moustache, managed to talk a lot the quicker of the two.

Answers to correspondents:—

1. We don't know the meaning of Wop, but understand it is derived from the Latin.
2. British nationality is no bar to membership of the club.

From Warwickshire

Kinneton Kennels on the appointment-card is apt to raise great expectations which do not always materialise. Such was the case on Monday, when the irresolute reynard found in the Oaks Covert would do nothing but run to and fro across the brook, to the manifest discomfort of his pursuers, who invariably found themselves upon the side he had immediately vacated.

At last a fresh fox found in a rough field went away at a slightly amended pace across the Burton Hills to Bitham, but the proceedings lacked vim, and the second horses came to hand so late in the day that after finding them we found nothing else!

Sport at Stretton-on-Fosse, however, paid for all; finding immediately at Blakemore, Charles gave hounds a rousing gallop by way of Ebrington, Portobello, and the Fosse Road, till they pulled him down on the outskirts of Shipston after as good a fifty minutes as a foxhunter could desire.

Pace was quick, falls innumerable, loose horses in every field; but those who got to the end rode home with a warm feeling in that susceptible spot, the cockles of the heart, vowing they had ridden the best hunt the season has produced.

Just as this leaves news comes to hand of the tragic death of one of the Joint Masters—Captain Charles Smith-Ryland. "Benny," as he was affectionately termed, was the best of sportsmen, beloved by all. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to the widow and young children left behind, who in common with the whole of the county have sustained an irreparable loss.

From the Belvoir

The Christmas festivities have interrupted sport to a certain extent, and crowds of embryo Nimrods fresh from school have shown each other the way on their grass-fed ponies.

On Tuesday the bitch pack brought off a fine hound hunt covering practically all the Wednesday country. Melton Spinney, Burbages, Freeby Wood, Stonesby Ashes, Garthorpe Plantations, and Sproxton Thorns were all visited in turn, and the pack were beaten near Sproxton village after making a point of over seven miles.

There was a huge crowd at St. Peter's Hill, Grantham, for the annual Boxing Day meet, and the dog hounds showed good sport with foxes from Belton Park and Belmont. They eventually killed one at Harrowby Gorse, practically in the suburbs of Grantham.

On Saturday, from Hose, the Prince of Wales had his first day in Leicestershire this season. The bitches scored a good hunt from Kaye Wood, making a good big ring round Quorn country, and killed their fox at Hose Thorns after hunting exceedingly well. In the afternoon they again ran well from Granby Gap, and had to be stopped in the dark near Belvoir.

From the Fernie

It was good to be out when hounds met on the Stretton Magna day. Clear skies and bracing air made life a sheer joy after the recent rains. A good show of badgers caught the eye at the meet, which had been drawn by that indefatigable enthusiast, the "Winkadale Wizard." Our fox lay near the scene of the débâcle, and was soon away in view of the field. Hounds ran their best, and gave us the red-letter-day of the season. The line covered the pick of the Thursday country from Stretton to Rolleston, and killing in front of Lord Michelham's seat at Rolleston Hall after fifty-eight and a half minutes, brought this excellent run to a satisfactory finish.

Everyone was delighted, and our Masters beamed their appreciation. There was lepping for all, and several took the floor, and one unfortunate in pink staked his horse.

The Ashby Magna Monday was uncongenial, cold, and wet. Colonel Aikman's gorse, assisted by Mrs. Massey's terrier, gave us the first fox. He lacked enterprise and soon vanished. A dart into Atherstone domains followed from Ashby, but there was no scent and so no hunt. Our second whip met disaster and had to be taken home.

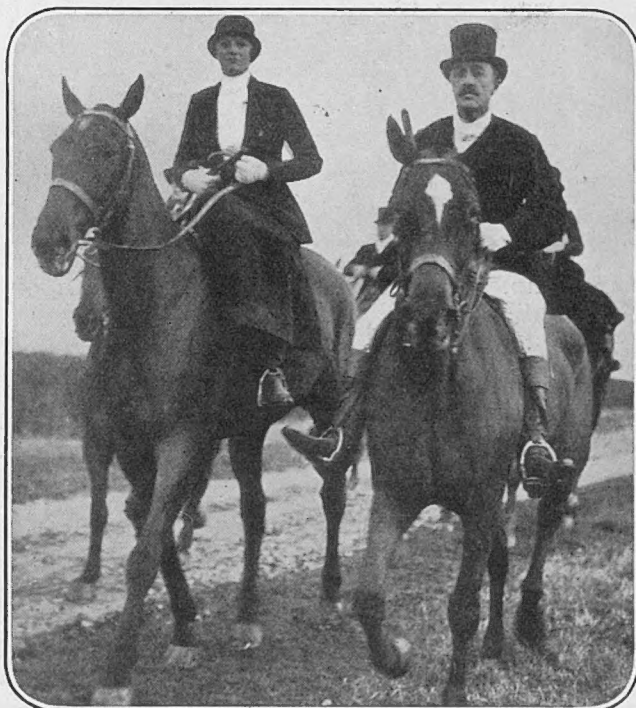
The Boxing Day gathering at Market Harborough exceeded the usual proportions, but all had a good day in the open. Hounds killed at the Caudel, and later a topping hunt of sixty-five minutes from Shanton to Moor Hill completed a glorious day.

From the Heythrop

On Monday we were at Hook Norton, where we were all sorry to hear that Mrs. Daly has got the mumps. We deeply sympathise as it is cruel fate to be tucked up in bed for Christmas instead of tucking into the Christmas turkey. The best thing of the day was a flying thirty minutes from Hawk Hill, when it was a case of all out or all up. Our huntsman came it during this hunt, and if it had not been for our good farmer friend he might not have seen the end of the hunt.

The large field which mustered at Langston Arms on Christmas Eve came in for another splendid day. Plenty of them wetted their Christmas appetites in the Bledington Brook, including the Judge, who passed a somewhat severe sentence on his horse. However we think there must have been a reprieve, as rumour has it that shortly afterwards his rider was heard whistling "The more we are together." Well to the

(Continued on p. iv)

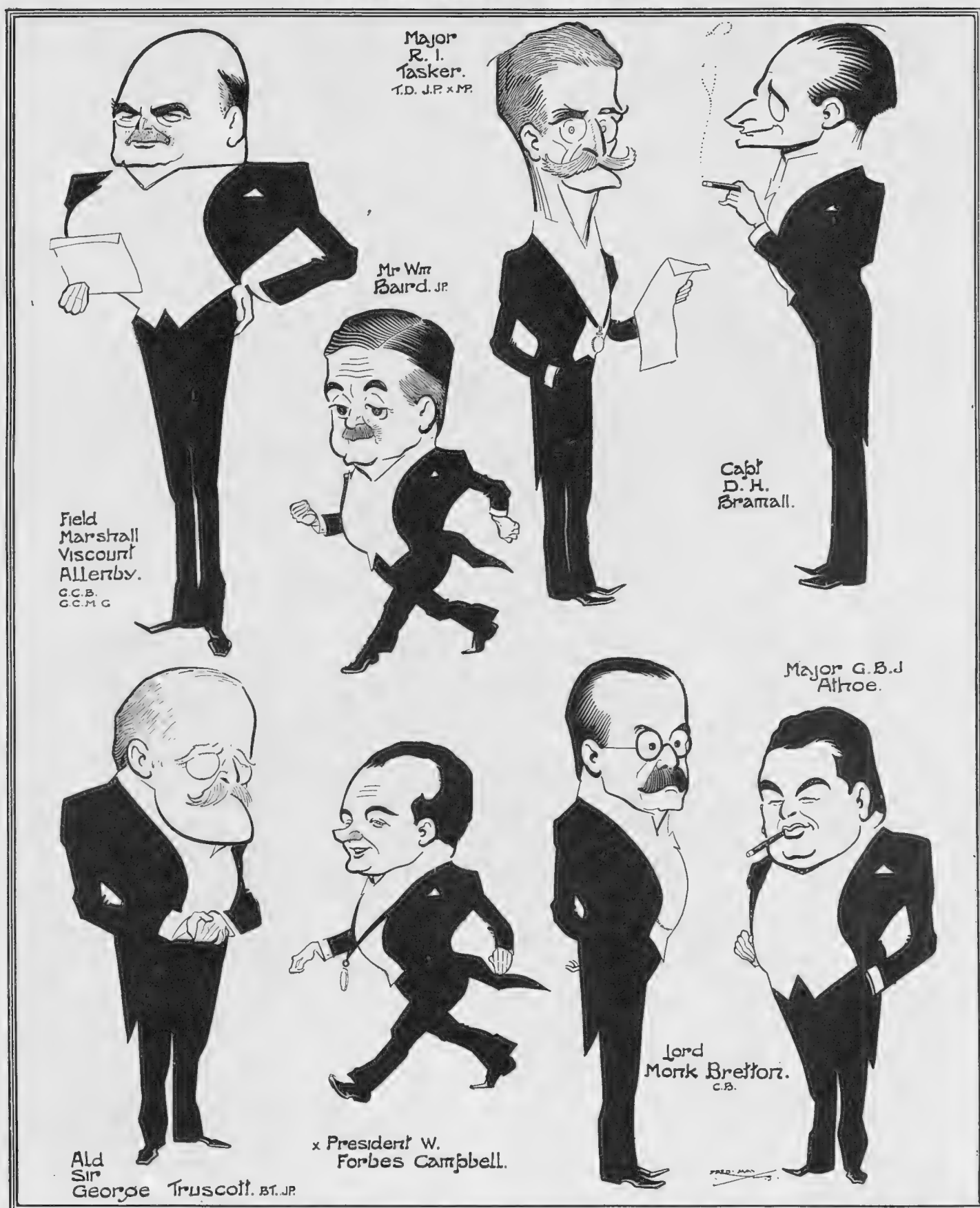


Howard Barrett

MRS. McCRAITH AND THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD

With the Rufford the day they met at Kelham. The Marquess of Titchfield, who is the Duke of Portland's son and heir, has been member for Newark since 1922. He is in the Blues (Res.)

THE ASSOCIATION OF ARCHITECTS AND SURVEYORS' DINNER



AMONGST THOSE WE NOTICED—BY FRED MAY

The fourth annual banquet of the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors was held at the Clothworkers' Hall, City of London, by the courtesy of the Master and Court of Assistants. Major R. I. Tasker was in the chair, and the gathering included many of the brightest ornaments of the Church, the Law, and the profession of arms—the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Dean Inge, Lord Darling, Lord Allenby, and the present Secretary of State for War, the Right Hon. Tom Shaw. Captain D. H. Bramall is on the committee. Major Athoe is the hon. sec. Mr. Forbes Campbell was the first President of the Association, and Mr. William Baird is the President of the Scottish Surveyors. Lord Monk Bretton entered the Diplomatic Service in 1894, when he was twenty-five, and he was at one time Principal Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain



MADAME VITYA VRONSKY

Whose piano recital took place on January 5—with the London Symphony Orchestra supporting—at the Albert Hall. Madame Vitya Vronsky is a Russian, and this is her first big season in London but not her first appearance here. She has been playing in both Biarritz, and more recently, with much success, in Berlin

for hours watching people in the hope that one among them will prove extravagantly different from the rest. The dull, alas! are always with us. They are more restful to live with, perhaps, but they give rise to nothing, and we are always on the look-out for the opportunity to rise to something. Even a startling dust-cover may sell a book, and an unstamped Christmas-card is far more memorable than one duly stamped and sealed, though the memory may be an annoying one! It is a good thing, however, that most of us are rather flat and drab. Else who would line the streets for a procession, or fill the Albert Hall, or endure after-dinner speeches, or give three hearty cheers at any time, or stand rigidly at attention during the National Anthem as if we were all descended from the Duke of Wellington via Marechal Foch? Cheap, unending fame is really not so very difficult to achieve. The lady who one day will insist on turning somersaults all round Piccadilly Circus shall find her photograph in most of the newspapers next morning. Why even the curious creatures who, in their eagerness to be present at a first-night, shiver through the early hours of the chilly morning on campstools, are not gently led away to the nearest mental rest-house; no, they are interviewed and the temporary limelight is turned brilliantly upon them. The great difficulty, however, is to get in first. In fact the number of people who are struggling to get in first is colossal. We are but sheep, and the last person in any procession is invariably food for the crowd's wit. The professional starving man, the giddy couple who strive to dance longer than anybody has ever danced before, the University undergraduates on Boat-race or Rugger night who successfully ruin an entire theatrical performance without themselves adding to the gaiety of the evening in the least, the actress who insures her legs for one hundred thousand pounds though nobody cares two hoots, the millionaire who throws a handful of silver out of the window, the film stars who are reconciled to their husbands in the divorce court and can't endure the sight of them next day—all these are struggling to quit the drabness of the common herd. What matter, then, how often boring their efforts are? In this modern world, however, one must have a stunt. The sillier the stunt the more it succeeds. Only it mustn't be somebody else's stunt, that is all. For stunts are the staff of life, getting you onward and upward much more rapidly than even the best bread.

* * *

Cycling Round the World.

Stunts, however, which demand courage are always the most popular. Which is why people will flock to see acrobats risk their necks; at least, I can think of no other reason. Indeed, personality is 90 per cent. the art of stunting successfully. An actor without mannerisms is an actor who never

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Something Different.

PEOPLE adore the "something different," whether it be in other people or in their own exploits. Most of us are so much - of - a - muchness that it is entertaining even when one among us slips up upon a banana-skin. Real originality is one of the rarest things on earth, though quite a number of people strive to attain it, with, incidentally, often such depressing results! Failing originality, eccentricity may become a conversational blessing. We long for something to talk about. We sit

becomes also a manager. People like to see their favourites repeating themselves. Without their labels they would be as suspect as a pound of caviare in a sardine-tin. And so I suppose it was in order to do "something different" which in the first place persuaded the young Dane, Kat Thorenfeldt, to go round the world on, of all things, a bicycle! I can, indeed, think of no other reason, for walking would have been preferable most of the time, and even roller-skates less tedious. However, he decided to cycle, and his own jolly account of his adventures, translated from the Danish by Erle Lunn, and published under the title of "Round the World on a Cycle" (Selwyn and Blount. 15s.), makes quite fascinating reading. The very wealthy go round the world in style and too often come back as mentally tedious as when they started. They have not been shaken out of their wealth, or the restricted aspect which wealth too often gives. But young Thorenfeldt was not wealthy. He was an ex-naval wireless-telegraphist, and because no dealer would supply him with a new bicycle for advertising purposes, he started off on an old push-bike painted in hope's colours, himself hoping also for the best. Well, the wealthy who have been round the world twice can hold their conversational own until somebody arrives on the scene who has been round the world three times, whereupon conversationally they expire. On the other hand, almost before the writer of this jolly book reached Rome—he started from Copenhagen in 1925 at the age of twenty-two—he had had a score of the most exciting adventures, experiences that, from the reader's point of view, many a traveller has had. From Rome this youth went to Albania, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Baghdad, India; through Burma and Siam, Japan, Java, Australia, Rio; over the Andes to the Pacific; across the United States; and so home by Canada and Scotland. He started out with only a few shillings, trusting that the expedition would pay its own way by the sale of

photographs of the cyclist and by contributions from sympathisers. This last trust rarely failed him. In Soerabaya, being suddenly faced with the necessity of finding £40 for which the Commonwealth of Australia stipulates, the money was subscribed in a few days by strangers. His trip took him three years, and he actually cycled more than 27,000 kilometres, through thirty countries, and across five continents; during that time a couple of cycles had been used as well as seven pairs of tyres, eight pairs of boots, and eleven trouser seats. This account of his experiences is full of that youthful eagerness and high spirits which is youth's great charm when it is spontaneous. The volume is profusely illustrated of course, and because it is such a jolly and enthralling account of an unusual adventure, it is so interesting and so lively to read. If you love, as I do, a volume of unconventional travel, here is a delightful one.

(Continued on p. 58)



ADMIRAL NICOLAS HORTHY

From the portrait by Geza de Hoffman

Admiral Horthy is Hungary's "strong man." This portrait was painted by the celebrated Budapest artist, Geza de Hoffman, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Admiral Horthy's charge as Regent and Governor. Admiral Horthy, who is a Royalist, has not had an easy time during his tenure of office, but has emerged brilliantly successful

THE MOVING FINGER

By George Belcher



"I didn't 'alf put it across the old beak. 'E 'olds up a letter and sez: 'Now then, Mrs. 'Uggins, is this your 'and writing?' 'Yus, it's my 'and writing all right; but I never wrote it,' I sez"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Wonderful New Year Present.

Writing of unconventionality, have you yet seen the "New Forget-Me-Not Book Calendar" (Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.)? It is much more of a book however than a calendar, and when one thinks of most presentation calendars—a picture the size of "The Daily Mail" with a calendar attached to it the size of a postage-stamp—thank goodness it is! Anyway it contains original contributions by two score famous modern authors and some witty and beautiful illustrations by young Rex Whistler. What greater persuasion to buy it do you need?

Another Version of Cinderella.

This time in Ethel M. Dell's latest novel, "The Altar of Honour" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Well, the old fairy-story never becomes threadbare even when it is brought up-to-date and vulgarised. It is always nice to read about the down-trodden reaping a rich reward, because in life it too often happens that the down-trodden get trodden down more than ever as time goes on. Anyway, Miss Dell's heroine, Charmaine, was a very badly-treated little girl. Her father didn't care for her at all, but his indifference was easier to endure than Griselda's actual cruelty—Griselda being her half-sister. Quite early in her life, therefore, Charmaine realised that some sort of a husband must play the part of fairy god-mother. Fortunately she struck lucky almost at once, for she fell in love with Basil Conister, the future Lord Conister, and he was not only very rich but also affectionate and kind. Alas! therefore, just before the wedding, who should turn up but Rory—too Irish to be true, but fascinating to a degree—and promptly Charmaine, who had fallen in love with him at the age of eight, fell in love with him again at the age of eighteen. These events set the stage, so to speak, for Miss Dell really to begin her story. She solves the problem happily at last of course, though I, for one, would have liked a little more violence in the solution. Miss Dell in a subdued key is not nearly so readable as when she fires off the big guns of melodrama. In a quiet mood the artificiality of her plots and characters seem all the more apparent. But as in all her novels, so in her latest one, she is always entertaining, especially if one keeps one's blind eye fixed upon truth and probability.

Old Costumes.

Just as the best part of history is rarely found in history books, so often the more interesting sides of it can be traced through facts which have nothing whatever to do with politics and statesmen, wars and revolutions and the coming and going of kings. A wholly delightful and interesting little bit of the nicest side of history is to be found in James Laver's and Iris Brooke's small book, "English Costume of the Nineteenth Century" (Black. 6s.). On the surface the change from knee-breeches to trousers may not seem very much, but it signified a great deal in the social changes which went to make up the present human story. How we arrived by easy stages at the clothes we wear to-day is the object of this amusing little volume. Yet why amusing? Every fashion is delightful until it is old-fashioned, when *ipso facto* it becomes ridiculous until such

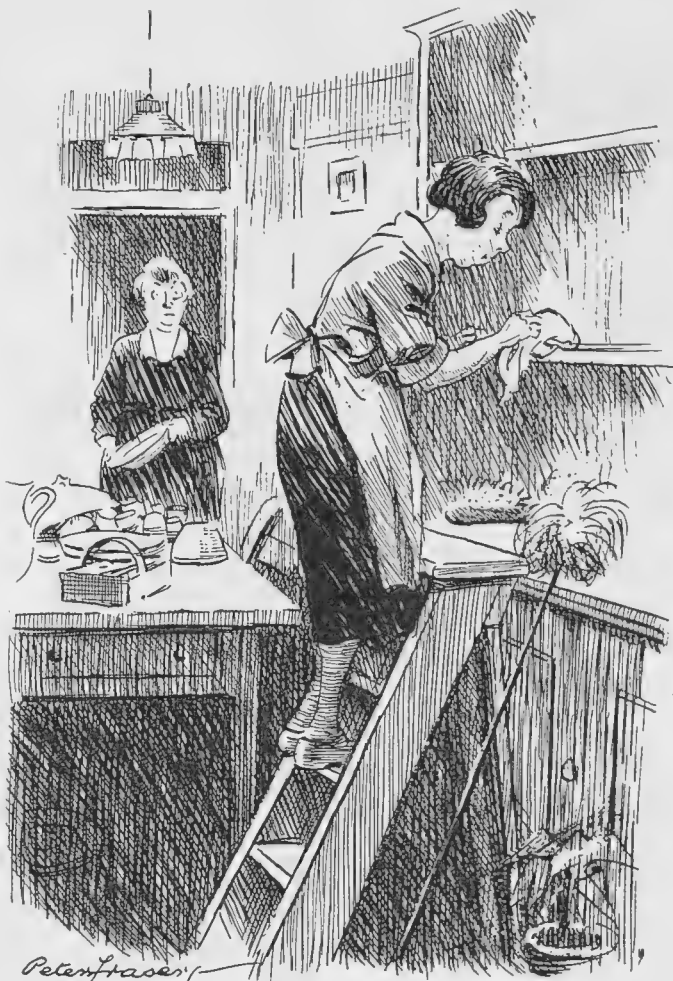
long time as it eventually becomes charming once more. Which perhaps is the reason why fashion is usually merely a modified form of the dead past. Only of course it must be dead a long while. The recently dead sartorially is an absurdity, and we sit back and wonder incredulously however anybody could have ever worn such hideous garments. Yet the long-while dead has a mysterious way of cropping up again. As one looks at the illustrations in this book one realises that there was not such a great difference, especially in scantiness, between the tight-fitting flimsy dresses of women in 1800 and those worn in 1929, except that the latter finished at the knee and the other crept down as far as the ankles. And how amusing it is to trace the gradual growth of the outrageous bustle to its later decline to a flat behind! And what sights women must have looked

round about the 'nineties! No bigger frights possibly than women of to-day will look to women thirty years hence. Anyway it is all both interesting and entertaining. Besides, clothes reflect quite a lot of the changes of thought and custom inseparable from the flight of time. War work undoubtedly abbreviated women's skirts, and flying may obliterate them altogether, who knows? All the same, the past one realises as one glances through these pages was kinder than the present is to women imperfectly formed, as most of them are! It offered them disguise, and unless one be a Venus, disguise is eight-tenths of being perfectly oneself. It's the plump, middle-aged party who must prove to all beholders that she is no longer a slim flapper who cannot build up around herself the illusion of being what she may be *inside* but outwardly assuredly is *not*.

Far-fetched but Entertaining.

Lady Falconer, one of the characters in Miss Phyllis Bottome's new novel, "Windlestraws" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), was one of those tiresome women who only desire for themselves the men who happen to be falling for somebody else. They generally get, however, what serves them right in the end. Thus when Jean Arbuthnot came as secretary to this lady's husband, Sir Reggie Falconer, she immediately packed her cousin, Ian, who lived in the house, off to China when she discovered that propinquity was making the new arrival and Ian see each other all-beautiful but all-wrong. But no sooner had she packed off Ian to China than she discovers that Jean has begun a liaison with her own husband, Sir Reggie. At which Ian, to put a stop to this little game, suddenly returns and marries Jean, although in reality he is in love with Lady Falconer. Somewhat surprising this, because Jean has grown to prefer Sir Reggie. Then, more surprising still, just before Jean is to have a child, she discovers that she is really in love with Ian, at which, most conveniently, Ian falls in love with her. Well, it struck me as being all extremely far-fetched and difficult to believe, but the charm of the story lies in the fact that all this doesn't matter. Phyllis Bottome has made the improbability of her plot much more than merely readable by the way she has written her story. It is not her best novel by any means, but it is quiet entertainment of the most enjoyable kind.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. viii of this issue



Mistress: Is there a Pot on that shelf, Nora?
Nora: No
Mistress: No what?
Nora: No Pot

PEOPLE WHO DON'T MISS THEIR SWISS



MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE AND HER DAUGHTER BRIDGET AT CHATEAU D'OEX



CHRISTMAS REVELLERS: MR. W. CHAYTOR, MR. BRYANT, CAPTAIN CHAMBERS, MISS CHAYTOR; (sitting)—LADY GUGGISBERG, LORD WARWICK, LADY CHAYTOR, AND MRS. KING



RIVAL SKIPPERS: MR. COLIN W. WYATT (CAMBRIDGE), AND MR. C. H. DICK (OXFORD)



SIR HENRI DETERDING AND MISS WATSON AT SUVRETTA

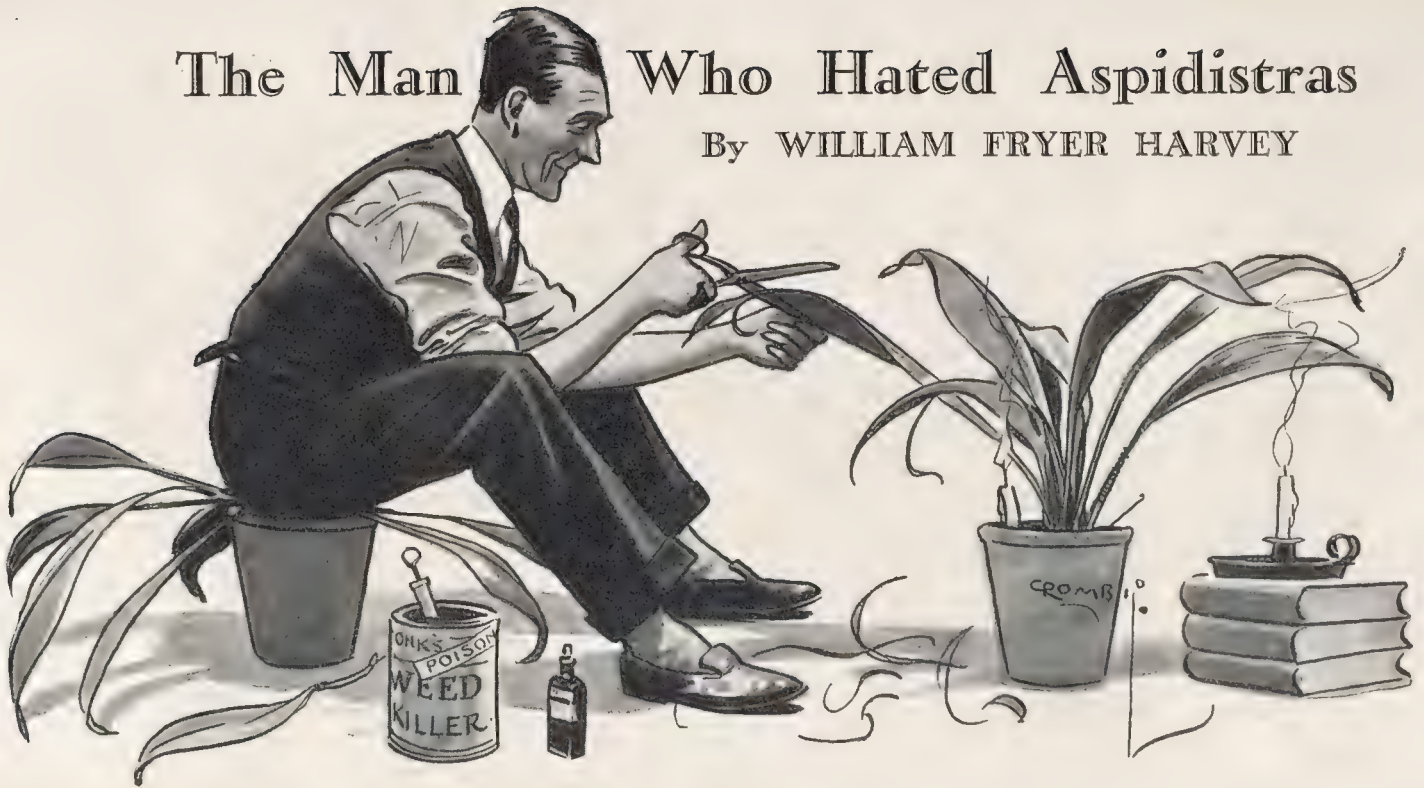


SKI AND I: SEÑORITA D'ALVAREZ AND A FRIEND AT ST. MORITZ

Once again Switzerland has issued her invitation to the world to come and play on her enchanted slopes, and as usual she has been snowed under with acceptances. This page features some of the people who spent Christmas there, actively employed with skis and skates. Mrs. Patrick de Bathe, Sir Hugo de Bathe's sister-in-law, has been staying at Chateau d'Oex, and ski-ing indefatigably with her seven-year-old daughter. At Villars, where Sir Edmund Chaytor's wife was chaperoning a large party, the festive season was ushered in with a fancy dress ball at which the disguises were well up to standard. Lady Guggisberg (Miss Decima Moore) is the wife of Brig.-General Sir Gordon Guggisberg. The annual Oxford and Cambridge ski-ing race was one of the Christmas events at St. Moritz. This snapshot of the two captains was taken just before the contest, which Cambridge won. Other St. Moritz visitors include Sir Henri Deterding, the motor spirit magnate, and Señorita d'Alvarez, whose expertness in any form of activity is almost unfair

The Man Who Hated Aspidistras

By WILLIAM FRYER HARVEY



"He ended by torturing them"

THE earliest memories of Ferdinand Ashley Wilton were green memories—of aspidistras.

The aunt with whom he lived at Cheltenham was fond of the plants. As you entered the hall of Claremont Villa there was on the right an upturned drain-pipe painted a sage-green and decorated with arum lilies. This contained Miss Wilton's umbrella and her father's walking-stick. Projecting into the hall on the left a fretful erection of mahogany supported a mirror, hooks for cloaks, and two shelves. On the upper shelf was a porcelain bowl that contained the cards of callers; on the lower, in a sea-green earthenware pot precariously rested the first of the aspidistras. The second stood in the dining-room—in summer in the fireplace, in winter on the ledge of the window that faced south. In the drawing-room was the third, raised high above the ground on a fluted wooden pedestal. The fourth and last aspidistra stood on a round table by the couch in Miss Wilton's bedroom. At night it was carried out on to the landing, for Miss Wilton, remembering something that her doctor had once said about sick rooms and flowers, thought it on the whole wisest that she should sleep alone.

The aspidistras dominated Ferdinand's life. They were always liable to be upset, so that he was not allowed to run about in the hall or dining-room. When he was very small he had a fancy that they repeated to Miss Wilton the many things that he had done amiss, and especially did he distrust that fourth plant, which stood at night, a sleepless sentinel, on the landing close to his bedroom door. As he grew older he learnt reluctantly how to sponge their leaves with soapy water. When a gentle rain was falling he would carry them into the garden in order that they might enjoy what Miss Wilton called a thorough soaking. But if Ben, the poodle, were in the garden he had to be brought in straight away and dried. The laws governing the vegetable and animal worlds seemed to Ferdinand strangely different.

In very dry weather the bath would be half filled and the four aspidistras would stand in a row for hours partially submerged. Ferdinand was not allowed to sail his boat among the gloomy islands of this archipelago, but if his conduct had been satisfactory he was permitted to pull the plug before going to bed.

Ferdinand was still a very little boy when he was sent away to school. He was constantly ailing and even when he was well he received more than his due share of kicks and bruises. In the matron's room he felt as if he were back again in Cheltenham, the pot of aspidistras reminding him so much of his aunt. On it he vented the hatred of his schoolboy world. When the matron was called out of the room he would share with the aspidistra vegetable laxatives and iron tonics, or impart to its leaves an unnatural glow of health by polishing them with Scott's emulsion or liquid paraffin. A vertical section of the

pot illustrating Ferdinand's activities would have shown a thimble, three hairpins, a number of needles, the case of a clinical thermometer, and, an inch below the surface, an almost complete tessellated pavement of sugar-coated pills.

When, however, in a rash moment, Ferdinand in applying the contents of a bottle of tincture of iodine to the leaves found, to his alarm, that the black stains were irremovable, the fat was in the fire. The matron made a formal complaint, but nobody owned up. The ten more or less ailing boys who had visited her room on that fatal morning were indiscriminately punished. To them it was known that Ferdinand was the delinquent. He did not escape. Like the aspidistra, he was poked and prodded and shaken to the roots.

Boyhood passed. At the University Ferdinand achieved a certain success. He published a volume of verse and was founder and secretary of the mid-Victorians. He only met two aspidistras during the whole of the time that he was up, one in the porter's lodge whose leaves he would absent-mindedly trim with pocket scissors, and the other in a dentist's waiting-room.

Miss Wilton died. She left to her nephew the villa at Cheltenham and £400 a year. Ferdinand was able to devote himself to literature, and from Bloomsbury lodging-houses wrote his first series of "Antimacassar Papers." It was at this period of his life that he found himself once again under the influence of aspidistras. He began by nagging them, treating them as ash-trays, pen-wipers, and cemeteries for safety-razor blades. He ended by torturing them. One he slowly did to death with weed-killer; into another, following the example of the Good Samaritan, he would pour in oil and wine. A third he garotted with rubber bands; a fourth, slowly succumbing to a solution of bath salts, filled his room for weeks with the faint perfume of lavender. A horticultural detective would of course have quickly got on the track of the Bloomsbury murders, but no suspicion ever fell upon Ferdinand. He was so inoffensive, so subtle, so respectable, and in his own way so quietly ornamental. His requirements were so few and he needed little looking after. His landladies were always sorry when he went. The aspidistras never got over his departure.

Ferdinand of course should have realised that it is dangerous to indulge in hatred. The man who hates open spaces as likely as not will be killed when crossing a square. It isn't the motor-car but the square that kills him. Ferdinand had his warnings. Once on a wet morning a pot of aspidistras fell from a third-storey window-ledge on to the pavement at his feet. On another occasion, when travelling by train, a sudden stop brought down from the rack a heavy and bulky package that indubitably involved risk of injury to passengers. If Ferdinand had not been sitting with his back to the engine he would have been struck on the head by the most monstrous aspidistra he had ever seen.

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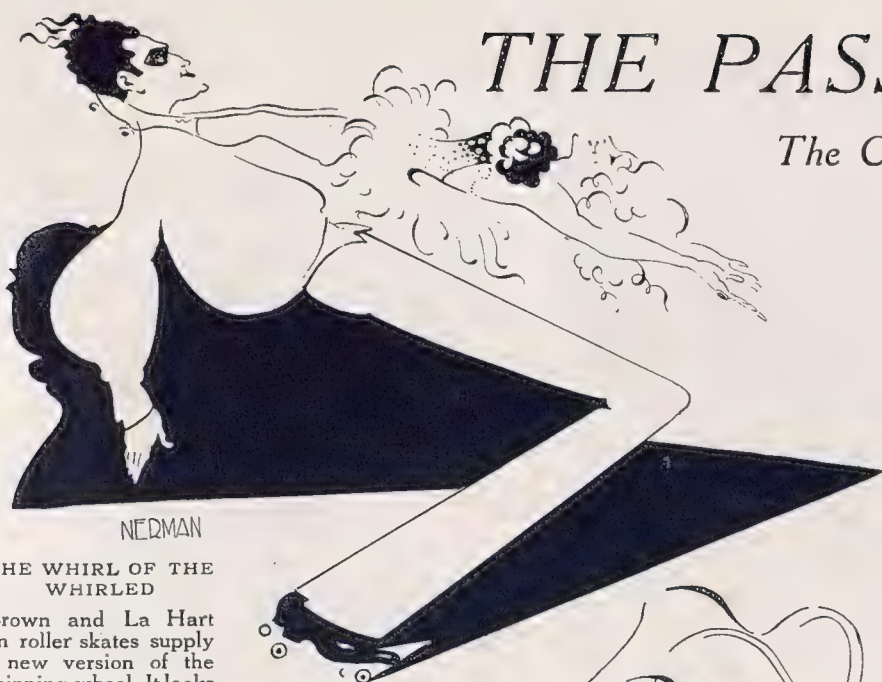
Viscountess Furness and her Son

Speaight

The Hon. Anthony William Furness, a genial young gentleman with a flair for being on the best of terms with everyone, made his debut in nursery society last year. His mother, who is Lord Furness' second wife, is one of Leicestershire's most attractive persons, and always marvellously dressed. She is the daughter of Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, American Consul-General at Buenos Aires. Lady Furness does not hunt, but she is a moving spirit in one of Melton's alternative sports—poker playing. Lord and Lady Furness are the hospitable hosts of Burrough Court, where, if winter comes, tobogganing parties forgather from far and near

THE PASSING SHOWS

The Circus at Olympia



NEDMAN

THE WHIRL OF THE WHIRLED

Brown and La Hart on roller skates supply a new version of the spinning-wheel. It looks dangerous—and is

ICI nous sommes encore! The ring is set, the arc-lamps are focused, the band is playing in the upper distance, ladies in blue wigs are shepherding us children of all ages to our seats. The Grand Parade is over. A medley of sound obtrudes from the Fun Fair—the husky voices of the “barkers” entreating you to walk up and see earth’s finest freak show; the clamour of sharp-featured gentry inviting you to be photographed in a motor-car; the bumping and clanging of the aerial railway, and, drowning the roar of machinery, the insistent blare of a siren. The ring-master, immaculate in evening dress, blows his whistle fiercely at the band. Uniformed attendants and boy scouts retire at the double. A horse with fat legs and a broad back is cantering round the arena. The Bakerboys, “England’s greatest boy jockeys,” hop



LONG TACK SAM

Leader of a wonderful troupe of jugglers and wizards extraordinary

on and off it like tennis balls bouncing on asphalt. There is something fascinating about these portly circus horses. One of them, broader than usual, supports a whole contingent of trick riders. While Mr. George Hanneford and his grown-up family perform wonders of equilibrium on its spinal cords, Mr. Poodles clings to its tail and circles the ring on the seat of his trousers. How many laps has this long-suffering steed accomplished in the course of a long life amid the



NEDMAN

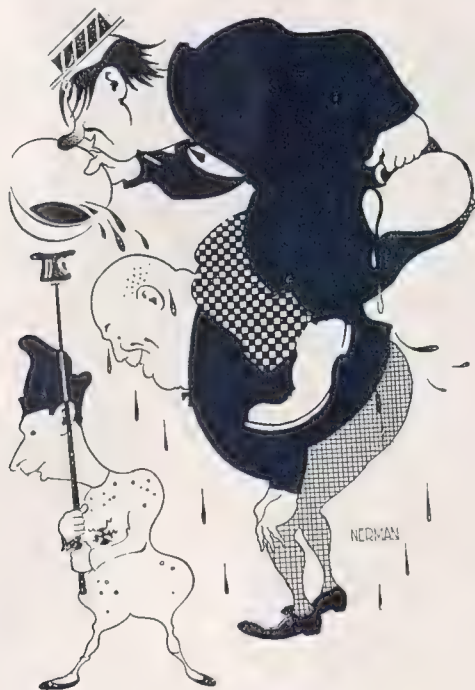
THE BALZER SISTERS

Two experts from Germany on the rings and trapeze

sawdust? Perhaps to-night will see the completion of his millionth mile. Perhaps to-night he will be imbued with the spirit of Balaam’s ass, a star turn which Noah, as the first circus proprietor, would have paid a fortune to possess, and exclaim in a loud voice, “Get off my back, I want to lie down.” Perhaps to-night his tail will come out by the roots. . . .

* * *

But this is Mr. Bertram Mills’ tenth Olympia Circus, where events happen quickly and everything goes like clockwork and greased lightning mixed to music. Before you can say “Whimsical Walker,” that immortal himself and goodness knows how many other clowns, are swarming into the ring turning somersaults, biffing each others’ faces, and sending the children into ecstasies of mirth and admiration. One has two faces, another electric eyes. Santa Claus himself, looking not a day over ninety-seven, strolls majestically among the audience. Two of the French



ONE MISSING

Three of the four Bronetts, brothers all and one of the funniest slap-stick clown acts in the circus business



NEDMAN

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Roberto de Vasconellos of the Portuguese nobility, ex-matador, and his obliging horse



"BY DESIRE"

"Charlie" Rivals, that brilliant buffoon on the trapeze, is back again funnier than ever

Schumann's Liberty horses ("first time in England") that it's a job to say whether the six bays are shinier than the six chestnuts, or whether the six blacks are better groomed than the six greys. How did Mr. Schumann train that miracle of milky whiteness to use a skipping-rope? How did he persuade the blacks to waltz in pairs and cavort in unison to the strains of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay?" Miracles, indeed, are in the air, and none more awe-inspiring than the five combined troupes of trapezists as they work up to the dizzy climax of their "unex-ampled aerial spectacle." Think of being propelled into space with a loud explosion, and only a rope round one ankle between you and the arena. A nice bit of business to rehearse on a cold and frosty morning!

The watchword for Olympia has always been "Sit tight and never be surprised," even if the bars between you, and the lions look more suitable for Alsatians. Mind you, there are no lions, in fact no performing animals at all, except a galaxy of sleek horses, and Miss Adele Nelson's three wonderfully trained Baby Elephants.



MIRTH AND MUSIC

The musical Andreus, three acrobatic clowns from Spain guaranteed to make you laugh. They belong to the same family as the Rivals Trio

clowns are wonderful acrobats. The fat fox-terrier is in the fashion, and carries a spare head on the stump of his tail.

There are so many clowns that you need six pairs of eyes to watch their combined antics. And now there are so many of Mr. Ernst

It is a wise omission that will soothe many a maternal heart. I hope it soothed the baldheaded gentleman in the second row who jumped out of his skin when the Musical Andreus, "straight from Madrid" aimed two dozen eggs at him that were mercifully attached to an elastic. Parents are earnestly requested to pull themselves together on these occasions, and not



MISS ADELE NELSON
And one of her trio of wonderfully trained baby elephants



MULTUM AND PARVO

Otherwise Paul Remo and the most elastic of his balancing midgets

shame their offspring by exhibiting surprise and alarm where none are justified. Nevertheless my sympathies are still with the plump lady who was so startled when one of those favourite buffoons, the Four Bronetts, hurled a chair at her from close range but failed to let it go, that she flung her hand-bag into the ring in a spasm of terror.

Nerman has been so busy with his pencil and note-book that I am over-running my space long before half-time. For that spinning

kaleidoscope of magic, dancing, conjuring, and what-not that is Long Tack Sam's Chinese Revue; for the Humsti-Bumsti-ing of the Ghezzi Brothers; for the balancing feats of Remo's Lilliputs, on and off a cigarette holder; for Ibsi Neb Nassah's Equinal Pot Pourri, a combined maze of black, chestnut, and grey; for the slick "line-dancing" of Mr. Alfred Jackson's Sixteen Lancashire Lassies, disguised first as toy soldiers and then as a railway-train; for the hair-raising gyrations of Mr. Brown and Miss La Hart on roller skates; for the astonishing intelligence of Vasconello's dancing bay thoroughbred; for our old friend "Charlie" (Chaplin) Rivals and his fellow-trapezists, and for anything and anyone else omitted in error—the elephant who simulates intoxication deserves a paragraph all to himself—I must refer you to Mr. Bertram Mills' box-offices which must surely be about the busiest places in London. A right down, regular, royal circus. Go to it, I beg you. "TRINCULO."



ERNST SCHUMANN

The famous horse-trainer who presents his fifty Liberty horses in new divertissements. The Schumann Circus is known all over the Continent



CINDERELLA MEETS PRINCE CHARMING: MISS SONIA CONVERSE AND MR. JULIAN HALL



THE ARRIVAL OF PETER PAN, ALIAS MRS. CARL BENDIX



MISS EDITH DAWKINS AS ALICE IN WONDERLAND



MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE AS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Bedtime Stories Come to Life

Rehearsing for the "When We Were Very Young" Ball

What promises to be the outstanding party of the New Year is the "When We Were Very Young" Ball, which takes place on January 15 at the Savoy Hotel. Its most excellent object is to bring the Brompton Hospital for Consumption a stage nearer to achieving the £100,000 for which an urgent appeal is being made. Ambrose's Band is to play, and after midnight an original entertainment appropriately named "Past Bedtime" is to be given. Here are some of the people taking part in it. They are mostly members of the youthful sub-committee which is directed by Lady Bertha Dawkins' daughter



Mrs. Cunningham Reid

Yevonde

A new portrait of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley's younger daughter, whose marriage took place in 1927. Her husband, Captain A. S. Cunningham Reid, one of the rising young Conservative politicians who was temporarily eclipsed by the General Election, represented Warrington for seven years, and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Colonel Ashley when the latter was Minister of Transport. It will be remembered that Captain Cunningham Reid and his wife had an all-round-the-world honeymoon tour lasting a year, and the diary which Mrs. Cunningham Reid kept during the trip was read with interest by her many friends. Her house in Gloucester Place is one of the nicest in London

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



THE AUCTION SCENE IN "SHANGHAI GESTURE" IN PARIS

"Tor's" impression of Jane Marnac (Mrs. Keith Trevor) in the auction scene in this unsavoury play, which was not permitted public performance in London but has been a success in Paris. Jane Marnac has scored a tremendous personal acting success

kept the French critics up and doing most afternoons and nights during the weeks that preceded and followed Christmas. The most sensational première was, of course, Jane Marnac's (Mrs. Keith Trevor) gorgeous production of *Shanghai Gesture* at the Apollo Theatre, in which, after a far too long absence from the footlights, she takes the leading rôle (*pro pudor*, tut-tut, and dear me) of Mother Goddam, the flamboyant owner of a house of prostitution at Shanghai. As you will remember this play was banned by the Censor in England, a decision that, having seen the play, does not astonish me. It is an amazing eye-and-earful! Extremely American (of the film-shocker-brand) with its lurid melodrama, its childish plot, its cynical and yet naïve dialogue. However, all ends as it should do. Prosperous vice ends by being punished while virtue is rewarded . . . even though it did spend a night in its birthday suit hung in a cage for all the world to gloat upon outside the House of Ill Fame.

The story runs thus: A young Chinese "Madame Butterfly" is seduced by the usual handsome White Devil, in this case a Sir Guy Charteris (let us hope that in the London version they made him *le Comte de Chartrois*!). He loves, betrays, and departs in order to become a respectable married man. When his legitimate child is born however, his cast-off lady-love (not so resigned as her Japanese sister) manages to substitute her own brat and steal away the white baby. The half-breed is brought up as Sir Guy's daughter, while the other is dragged up in the slums of Shanghai. Twenty years later the Chinese maiden, who has become, after the sort of existence you can imagine, "Mother Goddam," an evil but none-the-less real power in the land, revenges herself by inviting Charteris and certain notabilities to a pleasant dinner party, during which she auctions an English girl (who turns out to be Sir Guy's daughter—ha! ha!!) to a bunch of really quite unprepossessing Chinese coolies. Nasty, nasty. Poor Sir Guy gets all that's coming to him, for he also discovers that his other daughter is in the habit of coming to Mother Goddam's establishment, where she can indulge in her nice little taste for cocktails, opium (mercy, what a mixture!), and—whisper it low, *Très Cher*—yellow men! Here, of course, Mother G-D gets a jolt as well, for she had not realised that the young white wench with a thirst and an appetite was, in verity, her own half-caste daughter. And so—

Gentlemen, pray, no violence,
Her sins have found her out.
The rest is . . . silence.

It is indeed silence where the lovely half-caste is concerned, for Mother G-D believes in cutting off the member that offendeth. After chasing her up and down four flights of stairs on the stage in a black and gold lacquer setting that is the most magnificent thing that has ever been done in any theatre, she stabs her to death, and then having done what she considered her duty, weeps over the body as only a mother can. The white daughter—who has come to no harm in her golden cage, which may have been draughty but which certainly protected her from the coolies if not from the cool air—is sent back to Charteris who, one hopes, consoles himself with the thought that one white is said to be worth several semis!

I have told this story with a smile, for it is impossible nowadays to take such melodrama seriously *when speaking of it!* But I wish you could have seen us as we sat in our seats, tensely thrilled by Jane Marnac's really wonderfully acting and make-up, and the perfectly gorgeous scenery that she has provided for the many tableaux that take place in this Chinese House of Bondage. She is a really great dramatic actress and her personal triumph was immense. I shall certainly go and see her in this as many times as I went to see her in *Rain*. Don't miss the Apollo Théâtre when next you are over.

Have you heard, *Très Cher*, that Suzanne Lenglen, having definitely abandoned tennis (and matrimony) opens her New Year at the head of an important *maison de couture*? I presume that she will confine herself to the sports suits department, where she will be able to preach what she practised, namely, great neatness as well as smartness. It is true, however, that I have a very clear recollection of a certain pale rose-coloured ribbon that peeped from under the crisp hem of her short white skirt one afternoon when she was playing on the Carlton Courts at Cannes a few years ago. It certainly upset her usual neatness that day. For a while it fluttered coyly . . . then less coyly, so that at last a good few inches waved in the breeze and caught her eye. Coolly she stopped the game (let it be said that it was her "service"), and bending down gave a good pull at the indiscreet object, which promptly "came away in 'er'and, dearie!" to the great glee of the ball-boys, and which she equally promptly wound round her fingers and stuffed into her pocket. Embarrassed? Not on your life. But then would Suzanne ever be embarrassed? That is why she will, no doubt, make a perfect sales lady. Just as she always managed to Coué her adversaries into an hypnotic belief of her invincibility, so ought she to be able to Coué rotund and recalcitrant customers into sporting neatness. So . . . all power to her elbow (and may it not be a tennis one)!—Love, *Très Cher*, PRISCILLA.

Well, well, so these are the lines along which Fashion proposes to shape her ends, now that she has brought skirts down with a rush. The wearer of this intriguing negligee is Mlle. Bogaert, the well-known French actress, and its creation came as an inspiration to Lanvin. Its complement, a coiffure of silver tissue, is a happy idea for those who, while intent on recapturing their crowning glory, prefer to grow it in private



Paris Sees It Through

The Latest Evolution
of the Long Skirt
and a New Coiffure



MADemoiselle BOGAERT OF THE THÉÂTRE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

HUNTING THE FOX



ON BOXING DAY: LORD BARNBY, M.F.H., WITH THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN AND MRS. SWAYNE

WHEN THE WARWICKSHIRE MET AT SHUCKBURGH: MRS. NORTON, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, M.F.H., AND SIR GERALD SHUCKBURGH



LADY BURGHLEY AND GENERAL PEEL



WITH THE FITZWILLIAM: LORD BURGHLEY AND MR. BRASSEY, SIR LEONARD BRASSEY'S SON



MR. AND MRS. F. W. FITZWILLIAM

Lord Barnby, the popular Master of the Blankney, was away in the earlier part of the season as he was not very fit, but is now, to his field's delight, back with them again. The M.F.H. was having a busman's holiday with the Pytchley the other day and dropped in for that good hunt from Loatland Wood. The Blankney met at Scopwick the day the snapshot on this page was taken. Lord Willoughby de Broke is the only surviving Master of the Warwickshire at the moment, and the terrible tragedy of the late Captain "Benny" Smith-Ryland's death has cast a deep gloom over Warwickshire and elsewhere, for he was universally beloved. The Marquess of Exeter, Lord Burghley's father, was Joint-Master of the Fitzwilliam for 1924-25 with Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, who is now carrying on with Lord Fitzwilliam. Hounds were at Marholm, not far from Peterborough, when these bottom snapshots were taken



THE CALL-BOY

By Dudley Tennant

Unofficial Trials :-

3. Winter Starting



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A KEMPTON GALLERY



W. SPECK, LORD LOVAT, AND MR. F. T. HALSE

MR. T. W. BLENKIRON (extreme left in background)

W. Speck is Nightingall's stable jockey, and rides well over fences and particularly well over hurdles. He also performs on the flat. Lord Lovat is also a supporter of the jumping business, and his Lounge Lizard has been disproving his name over hurdles. Mr. F. T. Halse also trains with Nightingall. He owns Fingle Bridge amongst others, and won the 'Cesarewitch' of 1928 with Eagle's Pride. Mr. T. W. Blenkiron is the Chairman of Kempton, and his brown jacket is well known between the flags



THE ELOP

By Forster



LOPEMENT

By Forster

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Your car needs tyres with treads that grip and hold on all road surfaces.

fit **DUNLOP**

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"DOUG" AND "MARY'S" TAMING OF THE SHREW

Everyone who has seen and heard Douglas Fairbank's Petruchio and Mary Pickford's Katharina on the talkies no doubt wishes that it had been done in a real play. Perhaps some day this good Petruchio and the excellent Shrew will see things in the same way and play their parts on the stage, where they would have all the chances they deserve

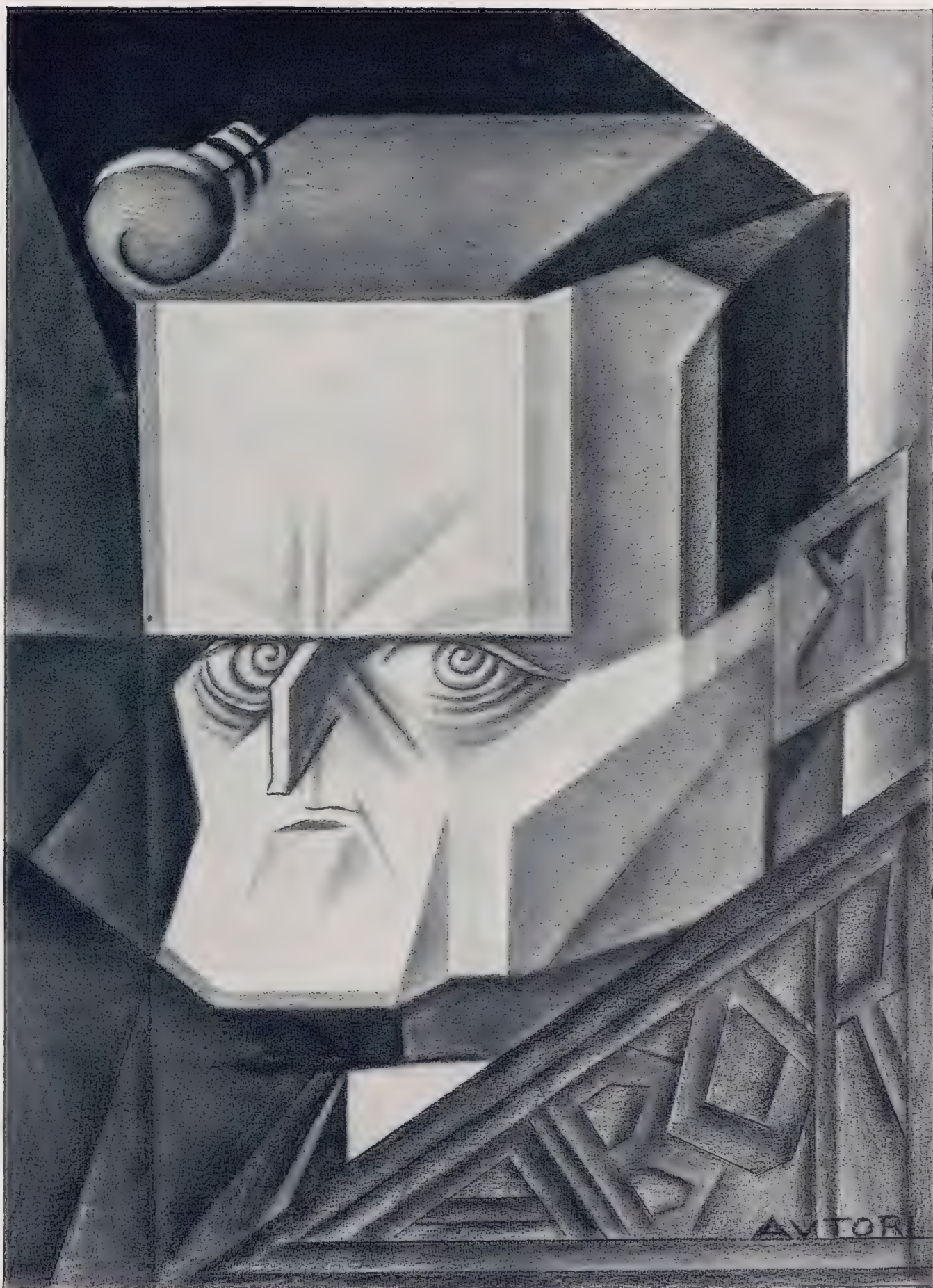


My Best Mate



PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT TOBACCO
& CIGARETTES

N.C.C. 704



A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE RATHER DELECTABLE CHANCELLOR!

By Autori

Mr. Snowden's popularity after the marvellous innings he played in the Great Test Match at the Reparations Conference was so immense that it made some people tremble with apprehension lest in the Home Match in which he goes in first about Budget time there should be any slight abatement. Opinions are acutely divided as to whether he is going to keep his wicket up in the true Hobbs fashion, or whether he will be the target of a horde of barrackers who will entirely forget all that he did when he was hitting them all round the wicket a few short months ago. At the moment the ante-post betting is about "evens"!



MRS. MAURICE MORETON, MISS V. HARDY, AND SIR REGINALD HARDY AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES FIELD TRIALS

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE SOCIAL SITUATION



ANOTHER GROUP AT THE MIDLAND COUNTIES FIELD TRIALS HELD AT HOAR CROSS: CAPTAIN TREDENNICK, LIEUT.-COLONEL G. H. ANSON, MR. C. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H., AND MRS. HILTON GREEN



DRAMATEURS AT WYKEHAM ABBEY: THE HON. RUTH DAWNAY, MR. BERRY, AND CAPTAIN YORKE ATTEND TO THE MAKE-UP OF WILLMORE THE BUTLER

IN SCOTLAND

Above: Lord Haddington's recent shoot. Back—Sir Adrian Baillie, Mr. Berry, Lord Glentanar; centre—Lord Altamont, Lord Doune, Capt. Coats; front—Lady Doune, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie—Hamilton, Lady Glentanar, Lord Haddington, and the Hon. C. Baillie—Hamilton

Right: Standing—Sir James Croft, Lt.-Col. Sleeman, Rear-Adm. Carpenter, V.C., Major Tomlinson, Colonel Owen; sitting—Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Tomlinson, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Sleeman



THE HEREFORDSHIRE REGIMENT GIVES A BALL

A variegated selection of events figure on this page. At Wykeham Abbey, Lord Downe's Yorkshire place, amateur theatricals were recently the order of the play, "The Farmer's Wife" being presented. Lord Downe's daughter, Miss Dawnay, and Captain Yorke were joint producers, and members of the indoor and outdoor staffs provided first-rate acting talent. Sir Reginald Hardy, from Dunstall, was an interested spectator at the Midland Counties Spaniel Trials held on Colonel Meynell's estate. Captain Tredennick was judging and Colonel Anson was one of the guns. Mr. Hilton Green's first season with the Meynell Hounds has endorsed his brilliant reputation as a huntsman. Lieut.-Colonel J. L. Sleeman, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.V.O., is the C.O. of the Herefordshire Regiment, and Major Tomlinson is his second in command. Colonel C. S. Owen, C.M.G., D.S.O., commands the 159th Infantry Brigade (T.A.). Admiral Carpenter, a distinguished guest at the regimental ball held at Hereford Town Hall, commanded H.M.S. "Vindictive" in the Zeebrugge epic. Lord Haddington's shoot was at Mellerstain

PICKING THE WINNERS



THE FILM DIRECTOR'S DIFFICULT JOB

We have it on record by a famous hunting authority that horse-dealing is the most perilous pastime in which anyone can indulge, and he said something about "caveat emptier," meaning of course that a buyer should be all ears and fears; but how much more difficult must be the task of Mr. Sammy Lee, the well-known Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director, when it comes to making the final selection from the assembled loveliness for the firm's 1930 film revue. So far as can be seen, however, in this case there are no splint-spavin, side-bone, or wind-gall troubles, and in this degree only, therefore, the thing may be a bit simpler than it is where horses are concerned

Rugby Ramblings



THE OLD WHITGIFTIANS XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat the Honourable Artillery Company 37 points to love on the Armoury Rugby ground in the match during Christmas week. The names are, left to right: Back row—L. D. Diplock, E. L. Claston, F. H. Crittenden, J. E. Cox, W. Stutchbury, G. P. Goodwin, J. H. F. Johnson, and L. C. M. Bow; seated—S. R. Rooper, J. R. Major, J. B. Hornby, K. S. Bradshaw (captain), A. E. Walbrook, G. F. Pullingar, and H. M. Stewart

THANKS to the enterprise of Rosslyn Park in the London district, Manchester in the north, and various other clubs, the boys of the public schools are enjoying plenty of Rugby in their Christmas holidays. Some of them seem to get almost too much of a good thing, but no doubt it is hard to refuse invitations of the kind, and too much exercise is better than none at all. And they have given a great deal of pleasure to those who, now "forty years on," have perforce to confine themselves to the touch-line or the stand.

There is no doubt that this school football is about the best of all from the point of view of the mere spectator. The boys are so keen, so fast, so quick on the ball, and they all seem to play the game in the very finest spirit. Vigour there is in plenty, but of International roughness not a trace, and as for illegal tricks, the players do not seem to be aware of their existence. School coaches deserve an enormous amount of credit for this state of affairs, and while it prevails there can be no fears for the future of Rugby.

Those provincial headmasters who encourage their school teams to play one or two matches in the London area at Christmas are also doing the game a great service. Blundell's and Taunton always come to town, and usually put up a very good show against schools whom they could not possibly meet except in term-time, and there are generally one or two others to be seen. This is distinctly a movement to be encouraged, and a little organising might help it on a lot. A visit from, say, Sedbergh, would be an enormous attraction.

The Richmond Club goes to a lot of trouble over its New Year's Day match between English and Scottish schoolboys, and they have their reward. Quite rightly, the Richmond authorities insist that the game is in no sense a junior International, but an invitation to play in this match is certainly a recognition of merit, and is widely accepted as such. The game can never be really representative; conditions of distance, and perhaps of expense, make that impossible. All boys playing pay their own expenses, even their railway fare, which makes the match rather a costly one for boys living in the north or the far west. It is rumoured also that the Richmond people, not unnaturally, keep a special eye upon boys who may be useful to the club when they have left school, and there is not the slightest objection to their doing so.

Too much publicity is not good for boys; perhaps some of them have been rather

spoiled by premature praise in the past. After all, there is a big gulf between school Rugby and the club variety, and that may account for the fact that some brilliant schoolboy stars have failed to make good in higher circles. This cannot be said of some of the best boys seen out this Christmas, for they have already made their mark. R. A. Gerrard, the Taunton centre, plays for his county—Somerset—and quite holds his own in club and other games. So does J. Hodge, the Taunton captain, a typical west country forward of splendid physique and apparently a sound knowledge of the game. He has another year at school, and then goes into the Indian Police, a distinct loss for Somerset.

The crack London boy of the year is undoubtedly Frankford of Dulwich, a school which has produced so many great players. This lad is a centre, fast and clever, and beautifully built for the game. He is very quick off the mark, and seems extraordinarily difficult to tackle. He goes to Cambridge, I am told, and so should do well. There are

plenty of other promising players, but these three are outstanding, and the two centres should undoubtedly leave their mark on the game.

These lines are perforce being written before the final trial at Twickenham, a game of vast importance this season, for the other two trials have been rather disappointing. That is to say, they have produced no new stars; no one, indeed, has greatly increased his reputation, whilst one or two have slightly dimmed theirs. Of course the question is being asked on all sides, what sort of team is England going to have this year? All one can say at present is that it hardly looks like being a vintage season, but the other countries may be in little better case. That was why, in the 1927-8 season, England won all her five matches with a side which could hardly be compared with those of five or six years ago.

So we may hope for the best, though probably few of us will make the journey to Cardiff in a week or two's time with any degree of confidence. We ought to have at least an average team, fairly sound in the back division, without any particular stars, and a pack which, when it settles down, should be, let us trust, quite useful.

"LINE-OUT."



THE H.A.C. RUGGER XV

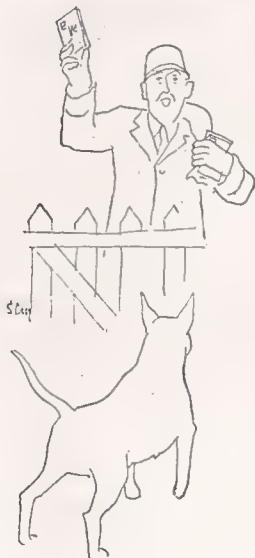
R. S. Crisp

Which was so badly beaten by the Old Whitgiftians team seen in the picture at the top of the page. The names are, left to right: Standing—G. P. Smith, W. Collins, R. A. S. Lloyd, H. K. Wilks, F. Bluett, F. Woods, D. Simpson, W. Moeller, F. Shephard (club captain); seated—J. C. Scott, G. P. Keeping, D. K. Rigby, R. E. Carey (match captain), R. L. P. Evans, C. Schooling, and E. C. Hindsley



THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"



Bess, bull-terrier b. Excellent head, full of good points. Ask the postman. Constantly exhibited at the "Five Bells," where she and her owner are known and respected. It's Bess gets the respect. Deafness, common in bull-terriers, is her one fault. When Giles was showing us how he'd killed an adder, and Bess got her tail under his foot, the poor old girl couldn't hear him apologising. Lot of ill-feeling there was about that—till her owner ordered Worthingtons all round!



AT THE CARNIVAL CABARET BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

This entertainment was in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was President of the Ball. The names included in this group, left to right, are : Mrs. Detmar Blow, Lady Dunmore, Miss Clara Blow, Lady Elizabeth Murray, Lord and Lady Dunmore's youngest daughter, Mr. R. P. Blow, Mr. Money, Mr. Baring, and Lord Dunmore, who used to be in the 16th and got a V.C. when serving on the N.W. Frontier of India with the Guides Cavalry

LORD Irwin is not the first Viceroy whom the Extremists, or other the people in the pay of Bolshevika, have attempted to murder, for Lord Hardinge was the victim of an outrage which mercifully failed in its full intent, though why no one quite knows, for the would-be murderer threw his bomb at only a few yards' range from one of the crazy overhanging verandas of the rookeries in the Chandni Chowk in Delhi. Lord and Lady Hardinge were on an elephant in a State procession into the then newly re-adopted capital of India, and the people in these verandas almost could have touched the occupants of the elephants' howdahs as they passed. Lord Hardinge was badly wounded in the shoulder and the howdah blown to matchwood. His then Excellency and the late Lady Hardinge behaved magnificently, just as Lord Irwin did on the occasion of this recent cowardly attempt in Delhi. The worst of this sort of thing is that although certain persons whom we will call "the authorities" are kept fully posted as to the chance of their happening, they are very difficult to prevent. The attempt on Lord Hardinge's life was certainly so in spite of elaborate police precautions, but bombs laid on a railway line close to Delhi Station seem to me as if they ought to have been discoverable. This attempt was no surprise to the people who are of the same trade as "Chimbwete," who occasionally does me the honour to use me as a "channel." It was in fact expected, but when no one could know. The agents of Bolshevika are a dirty lot of cowards, and the fullest details of all their little plans for trouble on the big scale are in the possession of those whose lot it is to do a bit of counter-planning; but assassination always has been the most difficult thing with which to cope, because as a rule it can be brought off if the operator really means business. In the present case the bombs were fired by an electric connection three miles long, which demonstrates how up-to-date the modern Bolshevik assassin is. It is too much to hope that the present perpetrators will be caught, for they must have taken good care to get a long start.

I note with glee the following sentence in one of the cabled reports of this outrage:—

"The scene of the outrage is being heavily-guarded by the police."

This is very thoughtful of the local cops, because, of course, the would-be murderers might have an irresistible urge to return to the scene to see how it had worked! You never know.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache."

This reminds me very forcibly of the case of a clever young Sherlock Holmes who had not long before come out from home and joined the Indian Police. The matter in hand was a rather bloody murder. Only the corpse was missing from his gore-bespattered house—and had been for about a month. The young Sherlock suddenly had a brain-wave. There was a deep well about two miles from the scene of slaughter, and he said he felt it in his bones that in its darksome depths was concealed the principal exhibit. So he collected a posse of his braves and went to the well. Arrived he dismounted, bent over the well's mouth, and making a trumpet of his hands shouted:—

"Hullo! Are you there?"

A cheery correspondent in Cape Town writes me this quite charming letter in sending me a good yarn: "No doubt you think you have shaken me off. You have a hope! Dynamite would not shift some South Africans! I have a good story for you. A client of mine—a widow of six months' standing—hired a taxi and told the driver to take her to the cemetery. The driver went off like a fire-engine off to a fire. The alarmed widow asked him why he was driving so fast. The Jehu replied, 'I am trying to catch up with the b—y funeral.' A Happy Christmas to you! Good hunting, and send me a line when you can." The same to you, and many of 'em!

Some of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic never seem to be able to get fox-hunting in England into its correct focus, and have rather primitive ideas upon the subject of how "hunters" go into training for the dangerous and ticklish business of sitting at the jumps. This, from New York City, all about how things are worked at hunting G.H.Q., is a fair sample:—

"Wealthy American, French, and Indian sportsmen and sportswomen are more numerous than ever in this year's hunts. Many of them have already spent small fortunes in bringing their studs of hunters up to perfection and renting hunting-boxes in the best parts of the country. Dances, cock-tail, and card parties are being held throughout the season in connection with the hunts."



ANOTHER GROUP AT THE CHARITY BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

This group was also taken at the Cabaret Dinner Dance at Grosvenor House, of which another appears at the top of the page. Included in it are: The Earl of Drogheda, the Countess of Drogheda, Lord Moore (Lord Drogheda's son), Lady Patricia Moore (his only daughter), Miss Peggy Paget (stepdaughter of the Earl of Drogheda), Mr. Sandy Paget, Mr. John Hogg, Mr. Ralph Meatyard, Mr. Colin McLaren, Miss Una McLaren, and Miss Olga Murray Leslie

"The New Tailoring"⁹⁹

the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

Passed with Honours

That supreme test of the tailor's art—dress clothes—is a test which the "New Tailoring" has passed with honours. "New Tailoring" dress clothes are tailored from luxurious and exclusive cloths by highly skilled specialist cutters. They embody the finest trimmings and the maximum of hand-work. They cost much less than men expect to pay for clothes of such calibre. But perhaps the most compelling argument of all is that the "New Tailoring" enables you to satisfy yourself that quality, style and fit are exactly as you demand they shall be . . . before you come to any decision.

Dress Coat . . . 7 gns.

Dinner Jacket 4½ & 6 gns.

Waistcoat . . . 30/-

Trousers . . . 45/-

White Dress Vests
10/6 to 25/6

AUSTIN REED'S

of REGENT STREET

TEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

103-113 Regent Street, W.1

24 Coventry St., W.1 13 Fenchurch St., E.C. 3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester
Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AN Englishman on holiday in a small Scottish village was filling in a wet afternoon by chatting to the local storekeeper. It transpired that the visitor was connected with one of the big London stores, and the local man showed considerable interest in the fact.

"So ye're in wan o' thae big Lunnón shops?" he inquired.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Ye'll pardon me asking," said the shopkeeper after a pause, "but what kin' o' profits can ye make doon there?"

"Oh," the visitor replied, "pretty reasonable. On some articles 10 per cent., on others 20 per cent., and on others 25 per cent."

"Twenty-five per cent.? Man, it's awfu'!" exclaimed the Scot.

"Why, don't you get that here?"

"Na," was the reply, "I can get nae mair than 1 per cent. Wi' me, it's a case o' buyin' a thing for a shillin' and gettin' only twa when ah pairt wi' it."

"Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant?" asked the examining counsel. "You saw that the two men were fighting?"

"Yes," said the witness, "but I had no means then of telling which one was going to be the defendant."

The *nouveau riche*, who wished to take up golf, could not bear to be considered a novice at anything. He thought that a few lessons might be advisable, as he had never played in his life. So he got a caddie, engaged the club professional, and set out for a little tuition.

"Let me see, sir, have you played before?" the professional inquired.

"Oh, yes, often," replied the would-be golfer, "but I'm very much out of practice now."

"I see, sir. Then will you take your stance?"

The *nouveau riche* was not at a loss. "Boy," he commanded, "just hand me my stance, will you?"



ENGAGED!—MISS ANITA ELSON AND MR. NICK PRINSEP
The announcement of the engagement of the vivacious young musical-comedy actress and Mr. Nick Prinsep, who is a son of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, was made quite recently. Miss Elson is the daughter of Mr. Willie Edelstein, the well-known variety and dramatic agent



MISS ANN TREVOR

Frank Davis

Who plays the part of Beryl Plaintiff, a highly improbable suburban minx in Mr. Ivor Novello's "Symphony in Two Flats," which is now at the Apollo Theatre and is doing well

A young bride had not come out very well in her first encounter with the cookery book and gas stove. She ran to the telephone and called up her mother.

"Mother," she sobbed, "I can't understand it. The recipe says clearly, 'Bring to boil on brisk fire, stirring for two minutes,' . . . and when I came back again it was burned to a cinder!"

Two women were quarrelling fiercely. "Bah!" cried one, "Wot is your 'usband, anyway? We allus calls 'im a fretworker. As soon as ever 'e gets a job 'e starts to fret."

"Well!" retorted the other, "we allus calls your 'usband a brass-finisher, 'cos we know 'e usually finishes 'is brass on the way 'ome on a Saturday night."

"Some people thirst after fame, others after wealth, others after love," said the romantic young man with a sigh. The object of his affections was not in the same mood, however. "And there is something all people thirst after," she said. "Yes?" asked the lover eagerly. "Salt fish!"

On the eve of their execution an Irishman, a Scotsman, and a Jew were asked if they would like any special delicacy. The Irishman voted for Irish stew, the Scotsman for a bottle of whisky, and the Jew fancied strawberries and cream.

"But," protested the warden, "strawberries are not in season!"

"Vell," retorted the Jew, "I can vait."


An Irishman was taking an Englishman in a car and showing him the beauty spots of the Free State. The Englishman saw some notices printed in Gaelic and asked his guide what they said. "I don't know," replied the Irishman. "But it is your own language!" said the Englishman. "Shure," said the Irishman, "but, you see, those people who can read can't speak Gaelic, and those who speak Gaelic can't read."

MILTON

FOR THE MOUTH

**'Colds' packed
in bales
and sent to
the Arctic!**

**THIS SOUNDS
ODD—BUT—**

Do you really think that by putting on a thick coat and a woolly scarf you are lessening the risk of your catching a cold? Listen. Shackleton's explorers were exposed to such cold and frost as you have never known, yet they never caught cold once—*until one day they opened a bale of clothes.* Then they were infected with the "cold" germs brought all the way from London! Listen! The common cold is an infectious disease. *The germs attack you through your mouth!* The *only* way to be free from colds is to keep your mouth regularly disinfected. Any doctor will confirm this. The *only* mouthwash (as repeated bacteriological tests have proved beyond all doubt) that can really clean your mouth is MILTON. It kills all germs quickly, surely—even at great dilution. It cannot harm the mouth itself. *Merely wash your mouth with Milton twice a day.* You can buy a bottle from any  chemist. 6d, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6.



THE FRENCH LAWN TENNIS TEAM IN DELHI

Datt

The visit of the crack French lawn tennis players to India during the present cold weather has been a great event. This group was taken in Delhi after they had come on from Calcutta. The names are, left to right: Seated—M. Brugnon, Mme. Cochet, K. B. Dewar, Abdul Harnim, Chief Minister to the Kapurthala State, Mrs. Roder, and M. H. Cochet; standing—M. Radel, Jagat Mohun Lall, M. Landery, and Bahur Singh

New Ideas.

THE immortal Ben Gunn asserted that he put "a precious sight more confidence in a gen'lman born than in these gen'lmen of fortune, having been one hisself."

I, likewise, and for the same reason, put a precious sight more confidence in stern men of business capacity than in visionary inventors. Not that I have been altogether a hopeless failure in that walk of life, for once I was so lucky as to devise a contrivance which nobody seemed to want, and by chance I came across a couple of people who did not want it so extremely badly that they paid me quite a handsome sum of money not to develop it. Then the War came, and it was "Good-bye to all that." How much they lost on their own scheme I can only conjecture. But it does not always work out so nicely. For there was another time when I invented something really good only I was so deuced hard up at the moment that I couldn't afford the patent fees. Nor could I find any pal who would take the smallest financial interest in the proposition. So I made it the subject of an article in an obscure technical journal. But the idea does not lie buried in its files, for the thing in material form is embodied in about two-thirds of the cars turned out to-day. The way of the inventor is hard, but I think it was never harder, at all events in connection with motor-cars, than it is at present. Note, please, that I write as an ex-inventor and without personal bias. But during the last few months I have seen and tried ever so many really bright new ideas that had been carried far past their experimental stage, and would, I should have thought, caught on like a burning hayrick. And I feel devilish sorry for those who are behind them, for they are faced with an uphill task. Years ago people who introduced new motoring ideas used as a rule to put them on the market themselves. Motorists would then buy them for themselves and get them on their cars—as for example, wind-screens, speedometers, detachable wheels, electric lighting and starting, and all sorts of other gadgets—and then when he saw there was a real demand for them the motor manufacturer would step in and standardise them, because he could see he was on a sure thing. But nowadays all that sort of business has gone by the board. A car-owner very rarely adds anything to his vehicle—and why should he when it is so complete already?—and as for the car builders they in general are much more concerned with keeping down prices than with making their products reach a higher standard. This state of affairs was inevitable, for there was bound to come a time when investors in the motor industry would be so consummately selfish as to

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON.

expect an occasional dividend. The Lord knows they deserve one. And yet I confidently believe that the near future is quite definitely going to be bright for the man with bright, new, original ideas. For it is abundantly clear that there has been over-production of motor-cars on both sides of the Atlantic, and this is, of course, particularly the case with firms that cannot claim to have made much recent progress. By and by these will realise the force of Mr. Peter Keary's doctrine of "Get on or get out," and instead of letting the inventive genius kick his heels in the waiting-room they will usher him into the chief engineer's office and give him a big cigar. The last he will probably not appreciate, for I notice that most inventors smoke the foulest of pipes, but they will like this unusual treatment, and I can hope that it will inspire them to demand terms that are a treat of richness. We motorists, of course, will finally foot the bill, but I do not think we shall grudge a suitable reward for the man who devises something new and good. Anyhow I'm prepared to wager that within

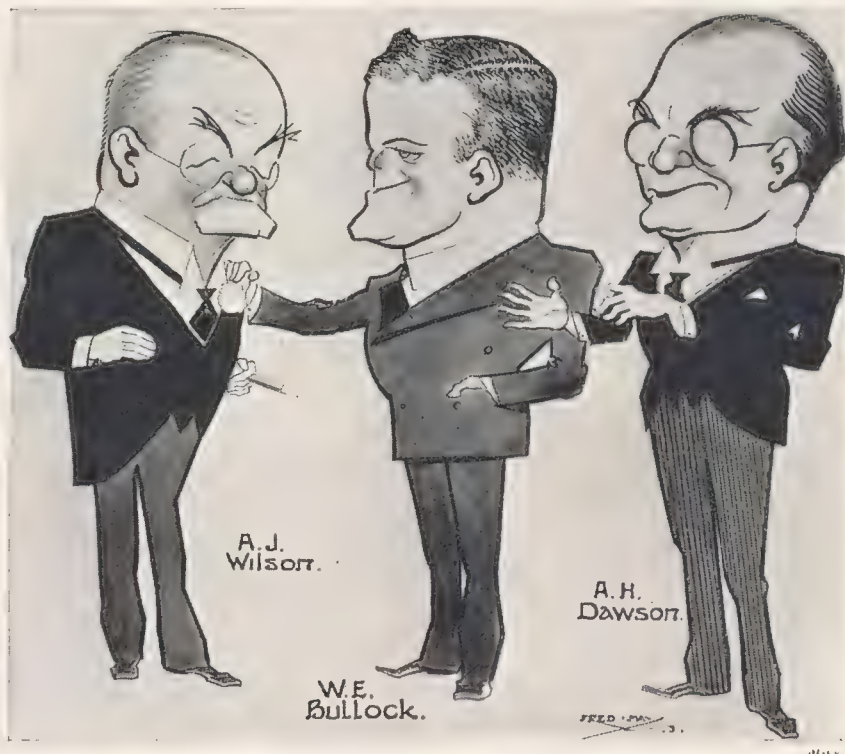
the next couple of years we shall see the fructification of many new ideas in car design.

* * *

And Further.

The above little note was inspired by two things. One was my falling-in with a bright-idea-merchant who, armed with the most unexceptionable credentials, journeyed to the Midlands. When he got there the firm simply would have none of him. They did not even want to know what his idea was. So now he is on his way to America, where he is pretty sure to get

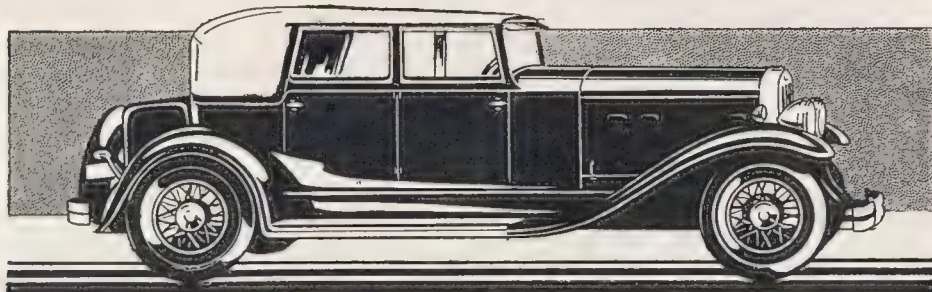
(Continued on p. vi)



PILLARS OF THE MOTOR AND CYCLE TRADES BENEVOLENT FUND

The Hon. Treasurer, the President, and the Secretary caught by the artist at the Benevolent Fund Festival Dinner at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Bullock, who is the chief of Singers, Ltd., was in the chair, and a really splendid response was made towards the fund. It was in 1905 that this fund was founded for the relief of distress, first of all in the cycle trade and later in the motor trade as well. During the time that has elapsed since, it has secured the confidence and support of practically all the leading firms in the trades, and branches have been formed in all the chief provincial centres of the industries; it has thus been enabled to distribute considerably over £120,000 to distressed members of the trades, and has built up a reserve fund for the relief of future distress of some £50,000

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NO RADIATOR DRAINING
NO HEATED GARAGE
NO "WARMING UP" BEFORE STARTING

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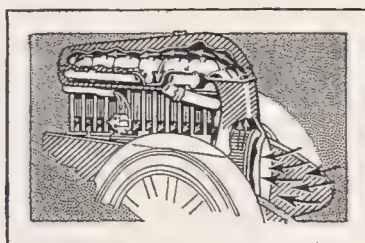
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Prices from £730

(There are 16 standard models
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There's no fuss with a Franklin. There's not a drop of water in the cooling system—to freeze or to boil! The Franklin engine is air cooled, air cooled under pressure, by a turbine type fan, driving a 100 m.p.h. air stream round the copper-finned cylinders at high engine speed! On the coldest morning a Franklin is into her stride like a flash, developing her full power at once, running smoothly, silkily, silently, from the very start.

Come and try this New Motoring in the "car with the aeroplane feel." You'll never go back to water cooling.



Turbine type fan drives forced draught of air round the six copper-finned cylinders. Thus, degree of engine cooling is governed by engine speed, not road speed. Cooling is adequate under every condition at which the engine operates.



Air Cooled

Franklin

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Holiday golf: Mrs. Thornburn and Mrs. Horton on the 17th green at Wentworth, where a Ladies' Bogey Competition was held on Boxing Day

The London Foursomes are the next item on the bill, with a win for Northants, represented by Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett, who beat Mid-Surrey 8 and 7 in the final; Woking was the altogether delightful venue for that event. Then the "Bystander" Cup, with a win for Miss Horsfield and Abe Mitchell at Wentworth, and an Open Meeting at Camberley with a very fine 73 for Miss Enid Wilson, which headed the scratch list and tied for the first place in the handicap. That has been practically Miss Wilson's only big win of the season. It has certainly not been her year, and one rather fancies that she has been a little bit overweighted with the responsibility of holding the English title; now that that burden has fallen on to other shoulders it seems likely that she will get back her old form in the long game, and with the remarkable putting which is now hers she ought to be a more formidable player than ever.

The L.G.U. Handicap Challenge Bowl Meeting was played at Downe, when the gold medal went to Miss Sylvia Bailey of Coombe Wood, a young golfer who was afterwards to be runner-up in the Girls' Championship. At the moment nobody heeded the performance particularly, being more interested in Miss Nancy Peet's winning of the Barnhurst scratch-trophy.

Then "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Southport and Ainsdale, with another triumph for Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett, who won an extraordinary final on the last green from Mrs. Heaton and been runners-up in this event the year before. "Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill were retained by Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Guedalla—a very fine performance. The International Meeting at Ranelagh saw England winning the International Cup. It is almost monotonous to record this; the Kit-Cat Medal going to Mrs. Cautley with 68, the aggregate to Mrs. Garon after a tie with Miss Wethered. Ranelagh used sometimes to be looked on as a happy hunting ground for the aged so far as handicap prizes went. Not so this year, for Miss Rhona Rabidge was one of the 66's who headed the list on the first day, and Miss Daisy Ferguson of Royal County Down had three strokes to spare for her win on the second with 72—9=63.

The Medical won the Wilton Shield, which has happened before, though there was a spice of new interest, the Parliamentary being runners-up.

Then a batch of County Championships which cannot be detailed here, though it seems necessary just to mention that Miss Wethered qualified first for the Surrey one with a round of 74 at Worplesdon, where the par is 78, in spite of a 7 at the last hole. Needless to state, she won the Championship.

The Veterans' Championship went to Mrs. Parnall, and of course their annual dinner was one of the events of the year. Then came St. Andrews, when England had three sweeping victories. The mighty Championship must wait till next week.

Eve at Golf

Good-bye 1929

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

THIS is the time of year when all dutiful journalists sit down armed with a vivid memory, or a press-cutting book, or both, and write a review of the year. Vivid memory probably makes the more entertaining reading, But there is always the chance that it may be more vivid than accurate and that the subsequent postbag will bring angry comments from Miss This, who reached the third round of the Championship before being beaten on the 19th hole, whereas she has been only credited with going to the 20th in the 2nd, or from Mrs. That protesting that it was really 101 with which she won the scratch-prize in the 2nd division at the autumn meeting of the Blankshire County Club, and not 102. Although, of course, unfortunately space does not allow one to mention such little details as scratch-prizes in bronze divisions, so perhaps one is saved that chance of error. Though it is a very healthy sign of the times which must be mentioned in any review of 1929, that scratch-prizes amongst long handicaps are becoming more universal. A score in three figures winning a scratch-prize may not sound very suitable or exalted, but really such a player ought to be a great deal prouder of that than a handicap prize won at 72 net by dint of some huge allowance. The more people realise that it is their own efforts, and not their handicap, which ought to win prizes, the better for their golf and for everybody else. How often are you electrified at an open meeting by hearing some unknown speaker come into the club-house and say, "Isn't it wonderful, my partner's just done a 73." You look round wondering who this mighty golfer may be, only to find that her partner has been speaking in net and not gross terms. All of which is a digression.

Is this year's record going to be chronological or in order of importance? Hastily let us fix on chronological, for again the shadow of that postbag hovers menacing should one say that any event is more important than another, even if the magnificence of Miss Wethered and Miss Collett in the Open Championship at St. Andrews quite rightly blots out everything else that has happened the whole year through.

This is where we turn conscientiously to the press-cutting book. Presumably the first event of the year was the L.G.U. first annual dinner, and the last annual meeting to which every club sent delegates in accordance with the old constitution, according to their membership. At that meeting the new constitution of the L.G.U. was finally adopted, and that influential body started on a fresh career. Both those who worked for it and those who opposed it now agree that the 1929 edition of the L.G.U. has been a very great success.

Miss Corlett, who had before. "Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes at St. George's Hill were retained by Mrs. Garon and Mrs. Guedalla—a very fine performance.



Miss Diana Fishwick was also using her clubs at Christmas, and reached the semi-final round of the North Foreland Open Tournament after being the only feminine competitor to qualify. The runner-up in the English Championship has reason to look back with satisfaction on her year's golf

The "Gold Flake" Smile



WILLS'S
"GOLD FLAKE"
SATISFY

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,—I seem to be only just recovering from a sea of Christmas festivities before plunging into a fresh collection of New Year's parties.

Certainly no one could say that Monte Carlo was not the gayest place on the Riviera at the moment, for I do not think that I have ever seen the Sporting Club more amusing than it has been these last few days. Such a lot of interesting people, and so much good gambling to watch, plenty of lovely frocks, and a great many pretty faces.

Little Mrs. Baillie Hamilton (Miss Wanda Holden, as she was this time last year here) was very much admired, as she looked perfectly charming, and incidentally wore the most attractive clothes, noticeably one delightful parrot-green three-piece suit, and a wonderfully becoming white satin evening gown and long white satin coat heavily trimmed with white fox.

Mr. and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn were very busy gambling the few nights they were here, and they have already left for Africa, from whence they will not return before April. Mr. and Mrs. Bendir (she is always one of the best-dressed women on the Riviera), Captain and Mrs. "Tolley" Wingfield, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam and their pretty daughter Helena (who, by the way, are off on a yachting cruise to the West Indies) were only a very very few of the people I noticed. While amongst the successful gamblers were the Duke of Westminster, who although only here for a few days, seemed to be winning very handsomely at his favourite game of *trente et quarante*.

Another person in luck was Dame Clara Butt (who, with her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, gave a very interesting dinner-party at the Hôtel de Paris), while the Grand Duke Dmitri had no less than three *en pleins* running at the roulette table one afternoon which, as he had a mille on each time, was certainly a very nice little run of luck. His wife, the Princess Illinskaia is really a very beautiful person, and wore a wonderful white and silver frock last night with a white satin cloak, which was perfectly lovely. She and her sister, Mrs. Mackintosh, are inseparable and are nearly always to be found side-by-side at the *trente et quarante* table.

Lord Cecil Douglas and his wife are two newcomers who are regular visitors to the "Sporting," and I saw also Major "Reggie" Fellowes who was busy answering many enquiries about his wife, who has been laid up ever since her arrival here on Christmas Day

by a badly cut leg. It appears that owing to the heavy traffic in the Paris streets on Christmas Eve quite a number of well-known folk very nearly missed the Paris "Blue," and in hurriedly getting into the corridor of the carriage Mrs. Fellowes did not notice a bag which had been put there, and in consequence took an exceedingly nasty fall.

Quite a feature of this season has been the number of interesting parties given on board the various yachts, Mr. and Mrs. Joel having one very cheery party on board the *Eileen*, while Mrs. Fellowes gave another very gay dinner on the *Sister Anne*.

M. Poincaré spent a very peaceful Christmas out at Roquebrune, but he has been taking quite a number of walks on the hills close by, and he makes a point of getting out both morning and afternoon, besides putting in quite a lot of work at his political history of the War, which he is very busy upon now.

Everyone is very sorry indeed to hear that Lady de Frece has had a relapse and very great sympathy is felt for Sir Walter, who has had a most anxious time ever since they came to the South this autumn.

Cannes, in addition to all its other attractions, is becoming quite an aviation centre, and I was interested to hear that Captain and Mrs. Broad flew out on their Moth machine in order to spend the opening days of the New Year with Commander and Mrs. Brett, who also flew over from London just before Christmas.—Yours, CAROLINE.



SIR FRANCIS TOWLE AND
KAREL KOZELUH

At Beaulieu-sur-Mer last week. Karel Kozeluh, the world's professional lawn-tennis champion player, has just arrived back from the States. Sir Francis Towle is the managing director of Gordon Hotels, Ltd., and is a very keen tennis enthusiast

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

The Club Spirit.

BOLSHEVISM, as I have previously pointed out, is an inferior imitation of the English public-school system. Commissars and comrades are prefects and pipsqueaks grown up. The flying club resembles both Soviet and public school. And as the member of a public school advertises his membership by means of a tie and the flying-club man by a badge or something, so the Communist advertises his creed by wearing heavy boots and a perpetual sneer. These are signs of a high *esprit de corps*. The Communist will tear the eyes out of anyone who speaks against universal brotherhood and the flying-club member will defend his club with equal energy. It is therefore an invidious task, after a remarkable year, to pick out from the light aeroplane clubs any two or three for especial notice. Every time I have done so in the past I have received extremely unladylike letters from members of other clubs.

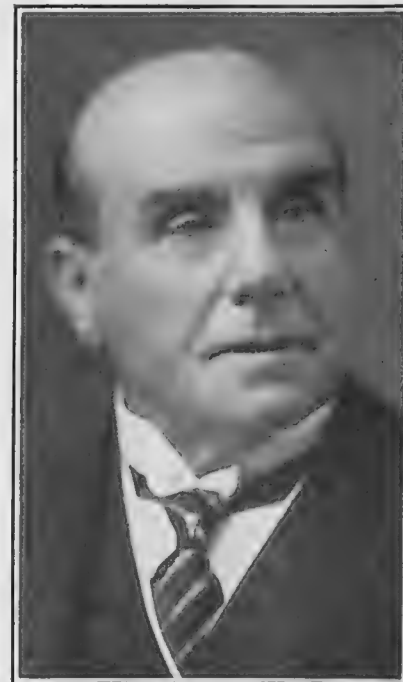
There are now twenty-four clubs and National Flying Services, Ltd. Thirteen of the clubs are subsidised and three Service. The majority of the subsidised clubs have four or more machines each, while N.F.S. have about thirty actually registered. From reports and private letters I judge that the work of the Hampshire, the Cinque Ports, and the relatively new Leicestershire Clubs should be especially noted. In a completely different way the Household Brigade Club has been doing valuable work. The Leicestershire Club has established its aerodrome at Desford. The original area of 18½ acres has, I believe, been extended to over 40 acres. The club's first flying meeting, which was held on September 14 and was supported by the R.A.F., proved a success. Flight-Lieut. R. L. Bateman is the club's chief instructor and Mr. Lindsay Everard is the president. Probably another flying meeting will be held by the Leicestershire Club on Easter Monday, and efforts are to be made to put the Leicestershire Club ahead even of many of the subsidised clubs in 1930.

The Cinque Ports, although one of the smaller clubs, is one of the most energetic. During the whole of 1929 it never had more than two aeroplanes in commission simultaneously, and yet, largely owing to the enthusiasm of Mr. K. K. Brown, Mr. R. H. Wynne, and the staff at Lympne, no fewer than 2,120 flights were made by the club's aircraft, with a total flying time of 867 hrs. 45 mins. Twenty-one members qualified for their "A" licences. The club's machines are Cirrus Moths. An attempt is to be made by the club in 1930 completely to eclipse its own 1929 records. It proposes increases in equipment and staff to cope with the growing enthusiasm for flying.

* * *

Private Ownership.

It is to be hoped that private aeroplane ownership will be stimulated by the rapidly increasing popularity of the clubs and the efforts which they are putting forth for 1930. Several people were hurt, and some were indignant when some fully authenticated facts about private aeroplane ownership were published in these columns the other day. One correspondent even went so far as to call me a "traitor to my cause," a particularly fine phrase which has the merit of a staggering originality. But I have done so much flying as a fighting and experimental pilot myself that I cannot work up much excitement over a handful of private owners of small aeroplanes. Moreover, there is much to be said for giving readers facts and not propaganda. The letters I received after allowing the truth to escape me; however, are an indication that extensive flying experience is a severe handicap to the aeronautical writer; it militates against his viewing all aeroplanes with the wide-eyed indiscriminate admiration of a baby of two. It is better never to have flown at all.



Miles & Kaye
SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD, BART.

Until it is known what title Sir Charles Wakefield intends to take in the elevation to the peerage on the New Year's Honours it is necessary to so describe him. Sir Charles Wakefield was Lord Mayor in 1915, and is a most distinguished patron of aviation

BRADLEYS' SALE

of FURS, GOWNS, SUITS, WRAPS, HATS, JUMPERS, LINGERIE

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SPECIAL BETWEEN - SEASONS PRICES

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"SPRING" (on left).
New MODEL TAILOR
SUIT, designed in Black
Charmelaine, trimmed with
Black and White spot ma-
terial. Coat lined Silk.

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10½ gns.

JUMPER in heavy Crepe-
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Georgette, 79/6

"LENNOX" (on right).
A Smart TAILOR
SUIT, designed in heavy-
weight Charmelaine. The
coat has insets of self
material and is lined Silk.
Skirt is slightly flared.

MADE TO ORDER,

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All large sizes, one
guinea extra.

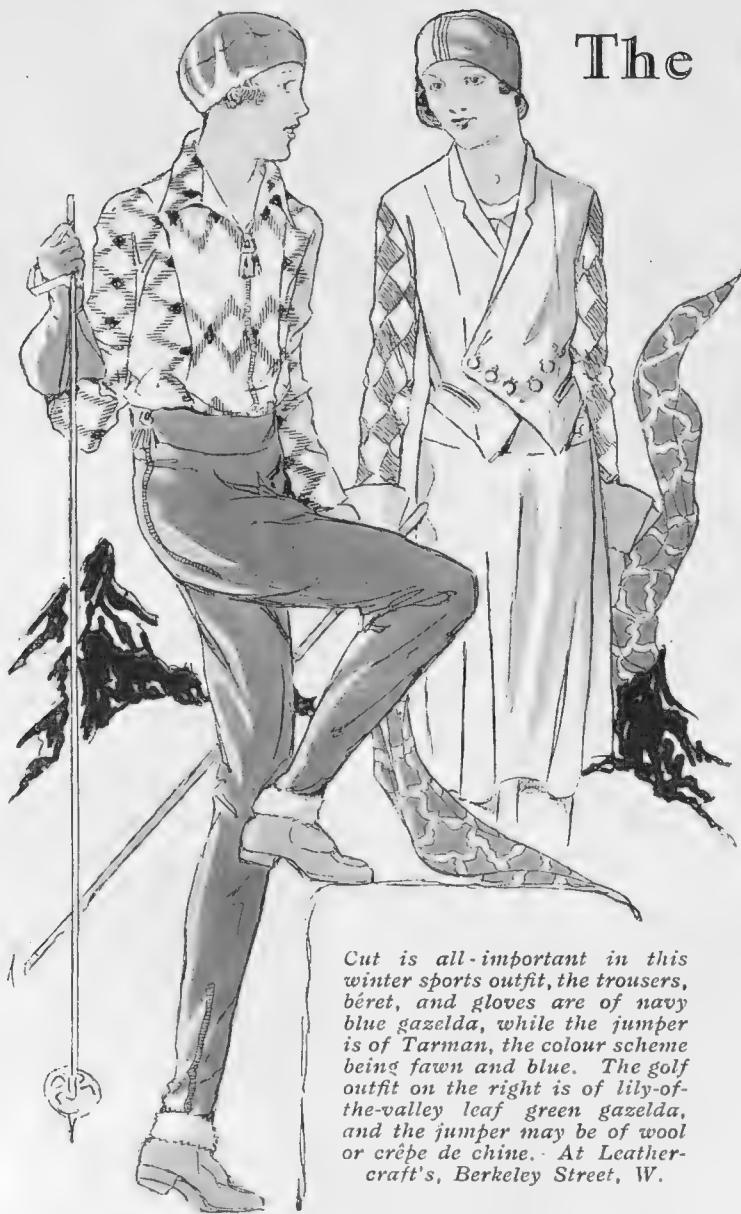
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Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE.



Cut is all-important in this winter sports outfit, the trousers, beret, and gloves are of navy blue gazelda, while the jumper is of Tarman, the colour scheme being fawn and blue. The golf outfit on the right is of lily-of-the-valley leaf green gazelda, and the jumper may be of wool or crêpe de chine. At Leathercraft's, Berkeley Street, W.

For the Winter Sports.

There is no doubt about it that every season women become more particular about their winter sports outfit, and as a consequence Leathercraft of Berkeley Street, whose G.H.Q. is Malvern, have been exceedingly busy during the last few weeks. To them must be given the credit of the outfit illustrated on the left of this page. The trousers are of navy blue Gazelda, and it is of the same that the gauntlet cuffs and beret are made. The jumper is made of Tarman, the colour scheme being fawn and blue; it seems almost unnecessary to add that the collar can be arranged to encircle the column of the throat with the aid of the zyp fastening. There are other outfits available in twenty-four shades of Gazelda; full details regarding the same will be sent gratis and post free.

For the Golf Enthusiast.

The golf enthusiast cannot fail to be delighted with the outfit on the left; it is likewise sponsored by Leathercraft. The waistcoat, skirt, and beret are of Gazelda, while the jumper may be of wool or crêpe de chine according to the reading of the thermometer. Furthermore there is an infinite variety of short coats, they allow the wearers free swing of the clubs without the discomfort and drag of gripping sleeves across the forearm.

For the South of France.

Although Woollands' (Knightsbridge) sale is in full swing, they are showing the advance guard of hats for the Riviera and other places where it is believed the sun is shining. They are responsible for the trio pictured on this page. The one at the top of the group is of shot-green and blue taffeta. The *chef d'œuvre* in the centre is of black Baku straw lined with beige, which shows through the broderie anglaise pattern in a very attractive manner. The last of the trio is of beige

hemp straw enriched with hemp. All interested in sales must at the earliest opportunity write for the catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Note the Dates.

This week H. and M. Rayne are having a sale at their establishment in Regent Street, while on Monday, the 13th inst. (for one week only), sale prices prevail at 58, New Bond Street, W. Everything will be reduced in price, and emphasis must be laid on the fact that Rayne footwear is a gilt-edge investment as cut is one of the most important features, and of course it represents the fashions of to-day as well as to-morrow.

A Sale of Linens.

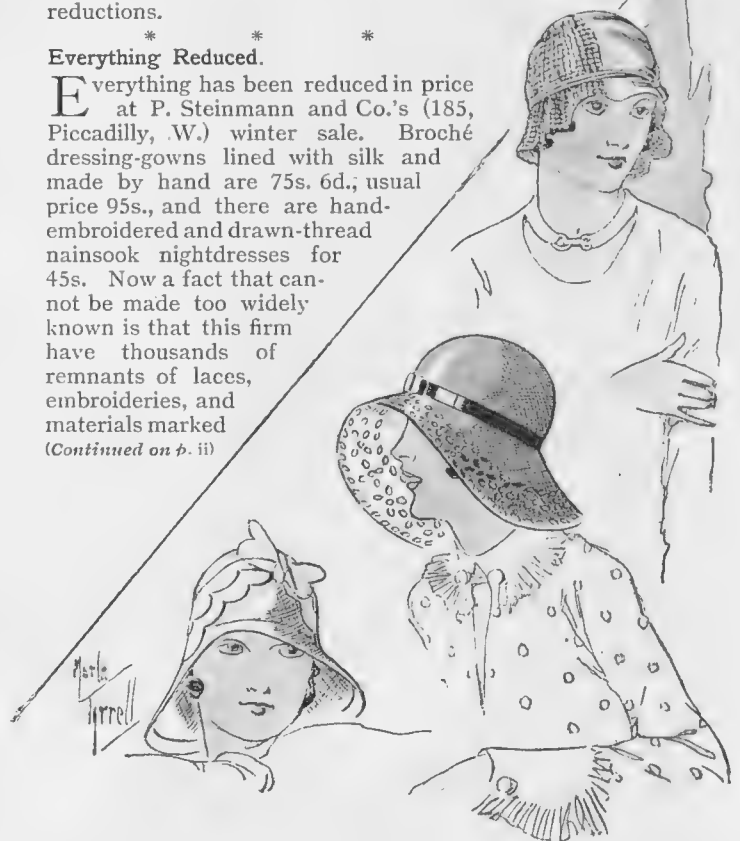
Another sale that must on no account be omitted from the shopping list is that of Coulson's, 105, New Bond Street, W. Standing out with prominence among the many bargains are the pure damask table-napkins whose prices have been reduced from 30s. to 13s. 9d. per dozen; pure bleached Irish linen face towels are 33s. 6d. a dozen instead of 43s. 6d.; these can be obtained in half-dozen if desired. Furthermore, there is a splendid assortment of pure Irish linen damask table-cloths at half-price, and no one must leave this establishment without seeing the white and coloured sheets. The prices of dresses for places where the sun is shining are being offered at phenomenally low prices; for instance, those of crêpe de chine are from £6 6s., and those of linen from 4½ guineas, while satin blouses are from £4 4s.

During January.

It is during January that Elvery's (31, Conduit Street, W.) hold a sale; wonderful value is present in the leather coats that are being offered for 8 guineas as well as in the golf suits in bag, for 4½ guineas. There is a large selection of rainproof tweed coats for £4 4s., and this firm's well-known silk mackintoshes have also had their prices submitted to drastic reductions.

Everything Reduced.

Everything has been reduced in price at P. Steinmann and Co.'s (185, Piccadilly, W.) winter sale. Broché dressing-gowns lined with silk and made by hand are 75s. 6d., usual price 95s., and there are hand-embroidered and drawn-thread nainsook nightdresses for 45s. Now a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this firm have thousands of remnants of laces, embroideries, and materials marked (Continued on p. ii)



Simplicity is the salient feature of these hats from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one at the top is of shot and plain taffeta, the shady affair in the centre of Baku, while hemp straw and felt share honours in the one at the base

WHAT YOU NEED IS A HOLIDAY— RIGHT AWAY!

YOU ought to feel very thankful for Torquay just now. It is perhaps the only place in England that is just as much a holiday resort in Midwinter as it is in Midsummer.

The Palace therefore is an "all-the-year-round" hotel. Golf, tennis, swimming, squash, badminton, dancing, cinema and entertainments in January as in June.

Moreover, these things are provided for visitors in much the same way as electric lifts, central heating, hot and cold running water. That is to say, they are not "extras."

In fact there are no extras, other than extra enjoyment, at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House.



"Always Fresh and Vigorous."



MISS GILLIAN LIND,

the piquantly beautiful and accomplished young actress appearing in "The Calendar" at Wyndham's Theatre, writes:—

I MUST emphasise how thoroughly Phosferine Brand Tonic keeps one always fresh and vigorous, looking and working at one's best. When playing a rather tiring comedy part, there is such a tax on the nerves in endeavouring to gain just the right effects, that you may be sure I am very glad of the wonderful assistance Phosferine Tonic gives in keeping up my health and spirits, so that I feel always able to play at the top of my form. Phosferine Tonic is by far the best means of rallying one's flagging energies, and maintaining youthful sparkle, as even if I should be a trifle jaded or depressed before the show commences, I find a little Phosferine Tonic soon puts me quite all right, and I go through the performance satisfactorily and without strain. When I think of the many disabilities Phosferine Tonic saves me from, I cannot praise it too highly."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline. Supersedes all old-fashioned salts—it Tones as it Cleanses!

Aldwych

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

at bargain prices, and in order to emphasise the genuineness of the sale, all orders from the books of actual patterns cut to measure will have a special discount of 2s. in the £, so that the exact lengths needed can be ordered; this offer lasts for one month.

Lizard and Semi-Monk Shoes.

All and sundry must at the very earliest opportunity visit the Saxone salons in Regent Street, W., as here are to be seen well-worth-having bargains in footwear. There are semi-monk shoes in brown willow calf and python for 19s., while all-lizard welted walking shoes have had their prices reduced from 30s. to 19s. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact, that hand-made crêpe de chine shoes in all the fashionable colours, with buckles of brilliants, are 15s. a pair, and this is likewise the cost of black suède and lizard Court shoes.

Two Gilt-edge Investments.

Reference to Fenwick's (62-63, New Bond Street, W.) sale has already been made in this paper; attention was not drawn, however, to spring coats that they are making in order to give work to their staff during January and February. They are made of the finest Shetland tweed and are available in three sizes and four designs for 5 guineas; one would be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. It will do duty in a highly satisfactory manner on a variety of occasions. The other gilt-edge investment is the ready-to-wear riding-habit illustrated in covert coating in several sizes; it is 6½ guineas; it consists of jodhpur and coat.

Striking Reductions in Irish Linens.

Striking are the reductions that have been made in the prices of the Irish linens at Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) sale. The illustrated catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. There are linen sheets, Zulu quality, woven during the slack time to keep the workers busy, for 18s. 6d. per pair, single-bed size. Again there are 500 dozen linen huckaback towels, assorted damask borders, for 18s. 9d. per dozen. Real Cluny lace dinner sets are—thirteen-piece sets, 22s. 9d.; twenty-five-piece sets, 37s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that the prices of handkerchiefs are more than moderate; for instance, there are 500 dozen ladies' linen initial handkerchiefs, for 2s. 6d. for six; while men's linen hand-embroidered initial handkerchiefs are 15s. 6d. per dozen.

From all their Branches.

Manfields have assembled in their salons at 170, Regent Street, W., the remains of all their footwear from their various branches, and have reduced the

price from 59s. 9d. to 30s. Furthermore, lizard-skin shoes are 20s. instead of 25s.; gold and silver brocade shoes are 12s. instead of 15s.; and there are patent leather and coloured kid shoes for 10s., 12s., and 15s.

What Every Woman Needs.

Every woman needs some of the bargains that are offered at Selfridge's (Oxford Street, W.) winter sale. There are

hand-made crêpe de chine nightdresses for 18s. 11d., and standing out with prominence in the knit-wear department are suits with jumpers of wool lace with adaptable collar and stockinette skirts with large wrap-over pleat at the side; they are 25s. Neither must it be overlooked that dressing-gowns of French-quilted satinette are 20s.

Hundreds of Fur Coats.

It is no exaggeration to state that there are hundreds of reliable fur coats from 12 guineas at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and there are beautiful stoles from 5 guineas. Again there are a very limited number of mink marmot coats, made from extra fine quality skins, for 26 guineas. This is a very hard-wearing fur and light in weight.

Vivatone Beauty.

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that Christmas shopping as well as preparing for the festivities is very exhausting. Many women on account of the rush neglect their complexions, and in the New Year bitterly rue that they have done so. In order to overcome the ravages that have been wrought, the advice of the beauty counsellor, André Girard et Cie, St. Albans, Herts, should be sought. This must be done by letter, but in the first place the booklet devoted to the Vivatone Radio-active Preparations must be studied; it will be sent gratis and post free. It must be remembered that the skin needs constant nourishing if it is to retain lasting loveliness; nothing will do this more effectively than the Vivatone Skin Food; it must be used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream; the latter is 2s. 6d. and the former 4s. 6d. a jar.

It Contains No Dyes.

The problem of prematurely grey hair has been scientifically solved by the Vivatone Radio-active Hair Restorer, which is definitely a tonic and contains no dye. All that it is necessary to do in order to prove that there is no dye in Vivatone is to pour a little on to a piece of white paper and leave it;

when it is dry there will be no stain. The great advantage of this preparation is that the process is gradual, and consequently there is no sudden change in the user's appearance. It is 7s. 6d. a bottle post free. To put the matter in a nutshell, it restores hair to its natural colour and stimulates a healthy growth of radiant, electrically alive hair.



A "READY-TO-WEAR" RIDING-HABIT

It has been designed and carried out by Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W. It is available in several sizes



Have you got **FILM** on your teeth?

It's film that turns lovely teeth "off-colour"
—dims the brightest smiles

Science suggests a way to remove film completely

RUN your tongue across your teeth. If you feel a slippery, viscous coating that is film. It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and grey.

Film hardens into tartar. It holds, in contact with tooth enamel, the acids which may cause decay. Film must be constantly combated. Ordinary brushing ways are not successful.

Pepsodent first acts to curdle film, so that brushing removes it easily in gentle safety to enamel. This scientific way is a great step forward in tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Remove film by this method for ten days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Test Pepsodent. Get a tube NOW!

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The Film-Removing Tooth Paste

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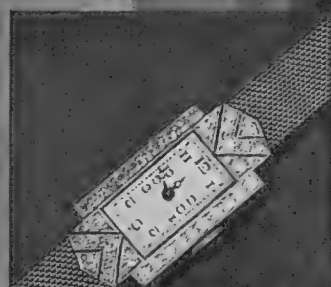
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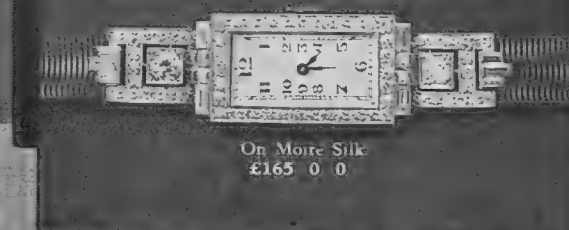
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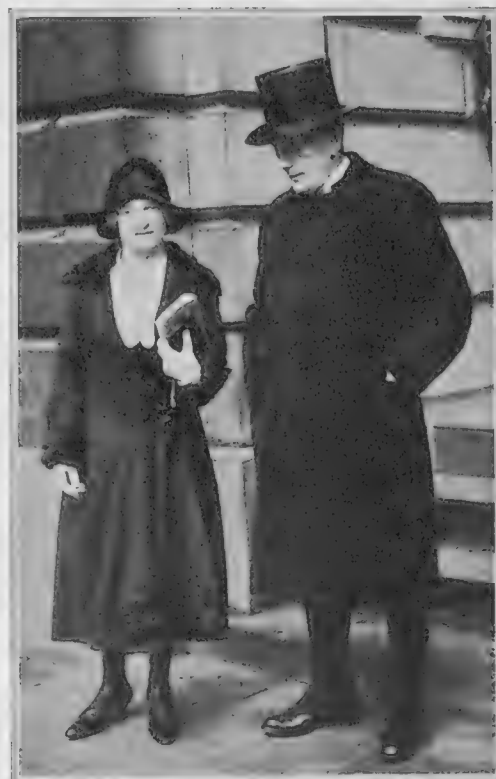
AT THE EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN ART



SIR JOHN REITH AND FRIEND



LORD AND LADY EUSTACE PERCY



DEAN INGE AND MRS. INGE

The private view of this astounding collection of Italian art which has been assembled at Burlington House attracted as big a crowd as the private view day of the Academy, at which, incidentally, high class art is not always the outstanding feature. The Exhibition will remain open to the public for two months. Sir John Reith is Chairman of the B.B.C. Lord Eustace Percy is a brother of the Duke of Northumberland. The industrious Dean Inge hardly needs any introduction

From the Shires and Provinces—continued.

fore was our latest side-saddle convert looking the hall-mark of elegance.

On Friday, from Moreton-in-Marsh, we had a topping thirty minutes over the cream of the Moreton Vale, when our fox was bowled over in the open. The Kitebrook Captain was also bowled over by the Pudlicote Paterfamilias, but bowling overs like this is hardly cricket. Fortunately it was a case of more mud than malice.

On Saturday, in cold, driving rain our mouths were more foul than merry, and on such days the name of our meeting-place is unmentionable. The gentleman from Chapel House managed to take a Good Hearty one; otherwise it was a poor, wet, featureless dry.

From the Blackmore Vale

The B.V. have been having great hunts on Saturdays; the first was Stalbridge Park nearly to Woolland; the following week Fifehead Wood to Milborne Port, a six-mile point and straight, and after the fixture at Red Lion, Cheriton, when Mrs. Essex Digby was in command, a good fox from Mr. Saunders' Frith cover gave us a great hunt almost to the Kennels, where he went to ground and was killed; a six and a half-mile point and ten as hounds ran.

Soon we shall go hunting in boats. The Clifton Maybank meet was a farce in three acts; first, Mr. Turnbull's charming home and hospitality, with some of the field; second, the hounds on the Bradford road; third, the Master on Thornford Bridge, where he sat and blew his horn till hounds came to him. All sections finally joined up about midday. Late in the day a Stockbridge Gorse fox was killed after a sharp burst.

From Lincolnshire

With fine open weather prevailing sport went very well during Christmas. The kiddies home from school had a wonderful time on their ponies, and more than one was "blooded." All the county packs were able to keep their Boxing Day appointments, arranged for the convenience of holiday crowds. Thousands saw the sport afoot and awheel. Lord Barnby's pack (the Blankney) was at Scopwick House as

usual, and to this isolated place it is remarkable where all the people came from. Hounds killed twice during the day amidst a delirium of excitement.

Lincoln streets were packed like herrings in a box when the Burton assembled there, and distinction was lent to the occasion by a sharp burst of thirty minutes and a kill near Dunholme Lodge. All manner of people followed the Southwold from Spilsby, and yet some say 'unting is not popular. That best of all sportsmen, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley of Raithby Hall (M.F.H. for forty seasons), had three foxes in his rhododendrons for the delectation of the pack. The one hounds selected was seen dodging about amongst the tombstones in Hundley Churchyard, and although subsequently hemmed in by rustics in various cottage gardens, he managed to save his brush for another day.

From the York and Ainsty

David's Boxing Day meet at Dringhouses brought out quite a record crowd of cars, who at times got absolutely chock-a-block on the roads and used language to which our respectable old hunt is hardly accustomed. However it was all in the day's work, and the lady pack gave us a very good display in the Acomb-Askham-Bogs-Grange Wood area, catching two foxes and hunting really well in spite of the conditions.

About thirty people came out at Knedlington on Saturday (December 28), where we started by nearly drowning the faithful Matt in some flood water. A fox from Brind Leys gave us a forty-five minutes' hunt past the aerodrome towards Willitof, and thence across to Brighton, all over the grass, the first lap being fast and great fun. Jungly's horse refused, sat down like a dog, and deposited him; the Adjutant tactfully tossed at the same fence as his new C.O. did; Joe gave Gay Lad insufficient steam on one occasion; Butterscotch was sticky with mud, and the young farmer fractured both pairs of reins.

The South pack were at Streethouses on Tuesday (31st), where we had an amusing time dodging the patches of flood and intruding into the Bramham territory at Bilbrough and Tadcaster, catching a fox in the suburbs of the latter.

Second thoughts!

IF at Christmas someone bought you a gift at one of the *Ciro* Salons and you would like to change it for some other treasure from *Ciro's*, do not hesitate to come and do so. Perhaps you would like the pearls larger or smaller or the necklet longer or shorter or you might prefer an emerald to a sapphire in the ring. If you feel like that come and make an exchange, when the *Ciro* Salons are full of new designs. Never mind how long ago the purchase was made. It can still be exchanged if you call. For we are pledged to please you.

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Sold loose, in half-pound packets or in the new 2/- tin



Service Advertising.

Petrol Vapour—cont.

a more mannerly reception. The other was a lavish little pamphlet entitled "The Daimler Double-Six," that came to me the other day. It is all pretty ancient history now, and I don't suppose that I am giving any secret away when I suggest that if the Daimler Company had not seen the possibilities of the sleeve-valve engine when they did, they would not have been quite so prosperous and notable as they are to-day. I fancy that other car constructors had the chance and, like Amos Crow, couldn't be bothered with it. Now there is no question whatsoever in my mind that the day of the multi-cylinder is at hand. I will not weary you with technicalities; suffice it to say that on engineering grounds the case for it is overwhelming. Therefore we ought in this country to be very proud of the fact that it was a British firm which first seriously standardised a "Twelve." I am not forgetting certain racing-cars and an ephemeral American product. The more important point is that since Daimler embraced this policy it has been followed by at least two Continental firms, and I have an inkling that there will be several more of the same persuasion before long. I cannot remember ever before in these notes having recommended a reader to send for a brochure, but I will make an exception in this case, for it is worth having, and Stratton - Instone, Limited, supply it. Its mission is, of course, self-declared, but it is none the less most interesting, particularly as (this is a conjecture, but not a frightfully bold one) I fancy the second and rather more technical section comes from the pen of that



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT H. R. D. WAGHORN AT WENGEN

The winner of the Schneider Cup last year, getting ready to start for a roped skiing race at the famous Swiss resort, where the snow is now really good. The pace will not be quite as bad as the Schneider Cup, but is good enough to be going on with

Laurence Pomeroy who is entitled to be regarded as one of the most brilliant automobile engineers this country has ever produced.

Fiscal Matters.

Naturally in these haphazard days you never can tell what is going to happen in the motor—or any other—biznai, but at the time of writing it looks as though our own little industry would soon have to divest its cloak of protective tariff that it has worn with such good grace, and that has done at least something to keep the chill out. I should have thought that the most rabid Free Trader would have been persuaded that here was an instance in which retaliatory measures were justified . . . but what's the use; it's no good kicking against the pricks. For my own part I imagine that the damage done will be rather less than the pessimists have predicted, for some of our car makers are very far from being fools, and having seen the red light afar off, they have made the necessary arrangements, which are, in brief, the production of the right kind of cars at the right kind of price that can compete with their rivals, not only in these islands but anywhere else—so they can. So it's each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. But it is going to be rough on some of them when the door is flung wide open to jolly old "dumping." The only thing is, those of us who buy cars must take the long-sighted view. It is not a question of taking in one another's washing so much as supporting a laundry that is now doing its best to get outside custom. Well, we shall see.

NOW

your engine needs

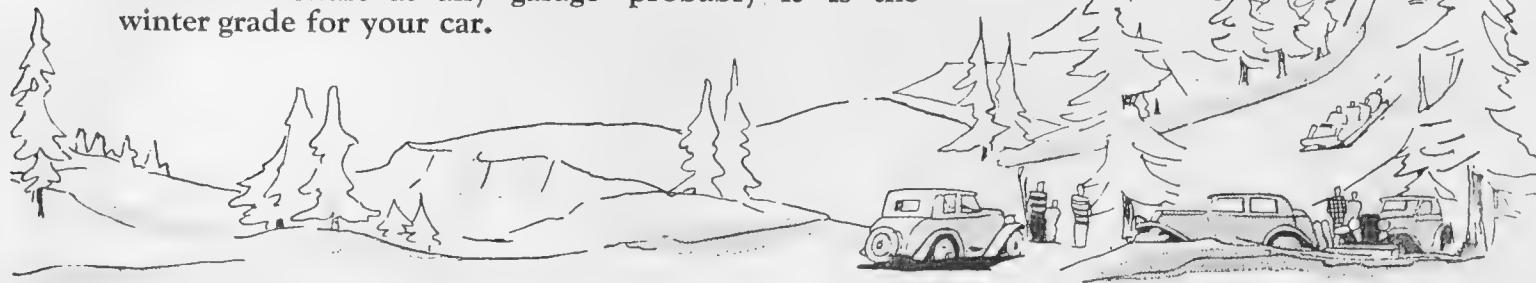
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| 1 Easier Starting. | 2 Non-Carbonising. |
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These four well-proved characteristics make Castrol CW the pre-eminent winter lubricant. Consult the Wakefield Chart at any garage—probably it is the winter grade for your car.



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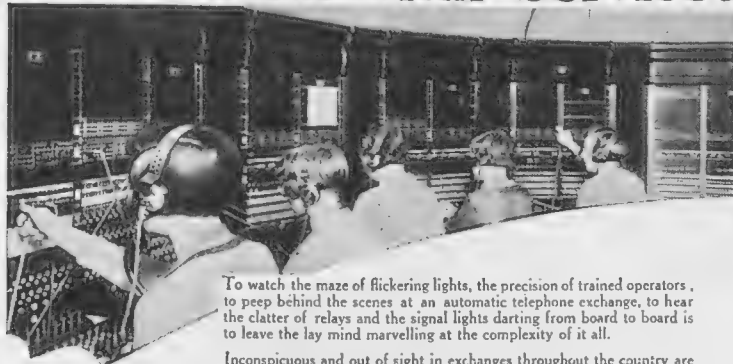


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K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., PUTNEY VALE, LONDON, S.W.15.

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To watch the maze of flickering lights, the precision of trained operators, to peep behind the scenes at an automatic telephone exchange, to hear the clatter of relays and the signal lights darting from board to board is to leave the lay mind marvelling at the complexity of it all.

Inconspicuous and out of sight in exchanges throughout the country are C.A.V. Batteries supplying the life and energy of these electrical devices—always on duty and never failing.

C.A.V. Batteries are chosen for this and many other vital services. Let the choice of experienced engineers be your choice also, — specify a C.A.V. Battery.

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MODEL 6.T.W.13 - - £3 : 5 : 0

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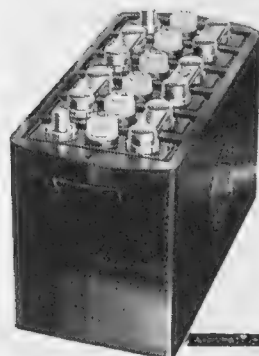
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Ask your Dealer to explain the advantages of the C.A.V. Battery fitted with Patent Threaded Rubber Separators, the perfect plate insulation. It is the finest Battery value obtainable.

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80%

Only a petrol of outstanding quality could meet with such outstanding success.

The new "BP" will maintain during 1930 the lead in quality which it established in 1929.

The easy starting and rapid acceleration properties which are so marked in the new "BP" make it the ideal winter fuel for your car.



The Better Petrol

From the pump with the shield-shaped globe

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THE MAN WHO HATED ASPIDISTRAS—continued.

He was smoking one day in a despondent mood when his friend Basset Tankerville chanced to call. The "Blue Review" had noticed his latest volume of essays with less than its usual appreciation. "Listen to this," said Ferdinand to Basset, "We begin to be conscious of the limitations of his point of view—the interstices of a venetian blind. He is the embodiment of the aspidistra." And then," said Ferdinand, "they have the impertinence to give half a column to a review of Gertrude Stein."

"Glorious jingles," said Basset, "you should really try your hand at them yourself." Ferdinand Ashley Wilton with his dashed aspidistras that wilt unless fertilised with black tobacco ash. *Ad astra Aspidistra.* But, seriously, you do remind me of the plants. You are becoming more and more green with envy, more and more pot-bound. And, by the way, have you ever thought of how applicable to aspidistras is St. Paul's description of charity? That specimen which I see before me suffereth long and is kind. It vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. And the same, Ferdinand, in a large measure is true of you. You and the aspidistra are one."

Those light words of Basset Tankerville, spoken as they were in jest, marked an epoch in Wilton's life. They stirred the vegetable fibres of his being. His conversation became more and more torpid. The wit that had enlivened the "Antimacassar Papers" vanished, and though from time to time he still wrote, his style—polished and stately as it was—became dull. He left London to live once again in Cheltenham, but it was as an invalid that he lived. Though he took the waters regularly his skin acquired an unmistakable greenish tinge which the dark green cloak he always wore made all the more noticeable. A little odd, his housekeeper thought him, and very old-fashioned, but

Mr. Wilton gave next to no trouble. On sunny days she would pull up the venetian blinds and place his chair in the window, where he would sit quietly for hours, occasionally sponging his long leaf-like hands with soap and water. He was happiest, however, when the faintest of drizzles was falling. Then the man who hated aspidistras would be wheeled out into the rain to enjoy a thorough soaking.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., plead for your kindness and generosity, which is urgently needed for a poor lady whose husband, an architect, died in 1915. He left her almost penniless, and for years she has lived from hand to mouth by taking in paying guests. Years of anxiety and hard work took their toll of her health, which at last broke down, and she sold her home and invested the proceeds, bringing in an income of about £23 a year. Two years ago she decided to join a relation by marriage who is a widow with four children. They are badly off, so cannot afford to take her in free; she pays them £1 weekly for board and lodging. She is much happier with this family, for they look after her when she is ill, and are devoted to her. It is only through our allowance and the kindness of friends that she can possibly afford to stay on in her home, and she is terrified that we should drop our help, leaving her to find a room and resume her lonely life. Her account is sadly overdrawn, and we plead for subscriptions towards the allowance we should like to make her of £13 a year.



MR. PETER HILL AND MISS MOYRA CARR

Whose engagement was announced recently, entirely failed to elude the intensive camera at the New Forest Spinners' Ball, which was held at the Morant Hall, Brockenhurst, Hants

That always welcome book of reference, "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1930," has just been published. Owing to the great changes which have occurred during the year in the Government and Parliament, and owing to the very heavy death-rate early in 1929, the alterations have been particularly arduous, but the book has been subjected to the most thorough revision and correction, and no effort has been spared to ensure that it shall maintain the high standard attained in previous editions. The new edition contains in one alphabetical list biographical details and addresses of approximately 30,000 persons. The price of the book is 30s. post free.

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Weddings and Engagements



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MISS EILEEN KEATING

The only daughter of the late Captain Keating and Mrs. F. M. Keating, who is to marry Dr. Lionel W. A. Lankester

and Mrs. Blair, are being married on January 15; on February 26 Mr. Vivian Gilbert-Denham, Irish Guards, is to marry Miss Diana Beaumont at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Francis Lowsley-Williams, 16th/5th Lancers, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lowsley-Williams of Chavenage, Tetbury, Glos, and Miss Monica Vivian Makins, youngest daughter of Sir Paul and the late Lady Makins of Oldbury House, Stonehouse, Glos; Mr. Morgan Phillips Griffith-Jones, Jun., of Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, only son of Mr. and

Marrying Abroad.

Early in February Mr. Tommy H. Macdonald, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Barquille, Taynuilt, Argyllshire, and Miss Betty Anderson, daughter of Colonel Anderson (retd.), Indian Political Department, 104, Oakley Street, Chelsea, are being married in Calcutta.

Marrying Shortly.

On February 15 Dr. George Marshall Findlay is marrying Miss Margaret Williams at Hessenford Church, Cornwall; Mr. C. M. Nelson of Ceylon and Miss Barbara Blair, the younger daughter of the late Captain A. M. Blair of Ceylon



MISS BETTY TORRENS

Whose marriage to Mr. Randle Baker Wilbraham, only son of Sir Philip Baker Wilbraham, Bt., and Lady Baker Wilbraham, takes place on February 26. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Torrens

Mrs. M. P. Griffith-Jones of Seven Trees, Chislehurst, and Miss Betty Nathalie Garner, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Garner of Uxbridge, and Four Winds, Gerrard's Cross; Mr. Raymond George Iles of the Public Works Department, Federated Malay States, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Iles of Yate, Bristol, and Miss Violet Florence Savory, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Savory of Chipping Sodbury, Glos; Lieut. - Colonel J. F. Hubbard, O.B.E., of 19, Drayton Court, S.W., and Miss Betty West of 44, Paulton Square, S.W., youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Horace West;

Mr. W. R. Gregg of Nairobi, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson Gregg of Belfast and Miss Ethel Johnson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson of Colwyn Bay; Mr. Herbert Scott-Ram of Singapore, third son of the late Canon Scott-Ram and Mrs. Scott-Ram of York, and Miss Gabrielle Mitchell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, Kilmington, Russell Hill, Purley, Surrey, and late of Straits Settlements; Mr. Anthony Knight-Gregson, only son of Mr. Clarence Knight-Gregson of Lowlynn, Northumberland, and the late Mrs. Knight-Gregson, and Miss Marjorie Beck, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Beck of Normanhurst, Hutton, Essex.



Vandyk
MISS VERE SOMERSET

Who is to marry Mr. John Sellers of Harrogate, is the daughter of Dr. Vere Somerset of The Old Hall, Shropshire

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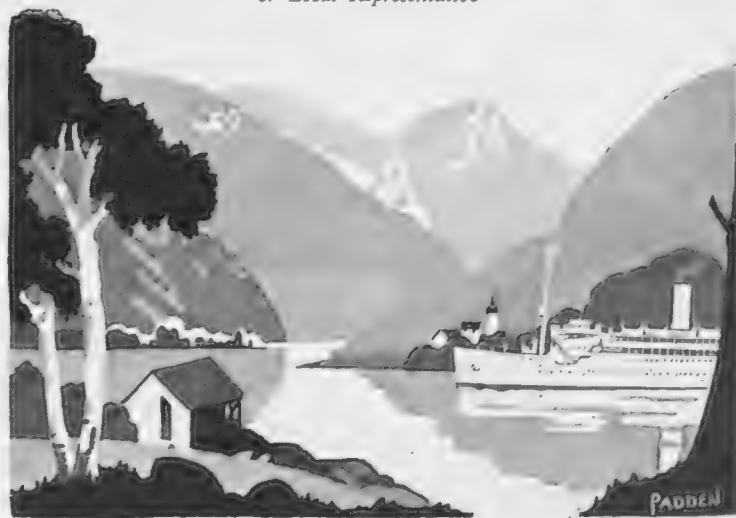
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes.

A meeting of the Executive took place on December 9, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, chairman, presiding. There was also a meeting of the Finance Committee, Lady Faudel-Phillips in the chair, and of the Show Committee, Lady Howe presiding. At the meeting of the Executive the balance sheet of the Our Dumb Friends' League stall was handed in, which show that £133 had been handed to the Dumb Friends' League. A letter of grateful acknowledgment from Colonel Douglas was read. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Carlo Clarke. Twenty-two new members were elected. Business in connection with our forthcoming Open Show was discussed.

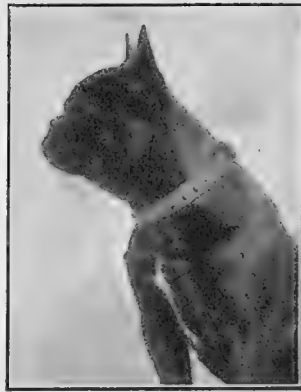
Mrs. Carlo Clarke and Mrs. Trelawny wish to personally thank all those who responded so generously to their appeal for our stall at the Dumb Friends' League fête. As Mrs. Clarke has lately discovered that many of her private letters have gone astray in the post, she would like to mention that she sent official receipts to every subscriber, so should anyone not have received this will they communicate with her.

Time passes, and it will soon be time for the annual election of the executive. Will members having anyone to propose to serve on the executive send in their names to Mrs. Trelawny by January 11? It is good news that we are to have an increase of challenge certificates at our Open Show. The new certificates are for Newfoundlands, English setters, Sussex spaniels, Welsh springers, dandies, smooth fox terriers, whippets, and wired-haired dachshunds.

Birmingham Show came up to its usual high standard. Sir Walter Evans and Mr. Wilmot are the most kind and genial of hosts, and in Mr. Keeling we find the ideal of an efficient and courteous secretary. Mr. McCandlish was unfortunately absent through illness and was much missed. Our members did well; Mrs. Walz' famous Champion Pugilist being reserved for "Best in show," and Miss Loughery having the best brace in her beautiful deerhounds, thereby winning the Bowater National Challenge Cup outright.



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The property of Miss Verrall



BEAZE BABICHE
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Miss Langton is one of the best known and most popular members of the Scottish terrier fancy, and has bred and owned many a good one. Unfortunately she has not been well for the last few months and has not been to many shows, but in the New Year she hopes to start again, and she has some good ones as can be seen from the photograph.

The Misses Billiter and Remfry are faithful adherents of the French bulldog. They send a photograph of their good home-bred bitch Beaze Babiche. They have some puppies of hers for sale; the father is Mr. Romilly's Beautiful Robin of Taplow. The pups are three months old, and nice ones. They can be seen by appointment.

Sealyhams are one of the ever-popular breeds; one sees them about everywhere, also there is always a good turn-out of them at shows. There is something very attractive about their rather solemn appearance. One can't imagine a Sealyham being really frivolous! Miss Verrall, whose successful kennel is well known, sends a delightful photograph of some of her Sealyham pups. There are nothing but good ones in the Walsgrave kennels, and these pups certainly look like that.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



MISS LANGTON
Photographed with her Scotties



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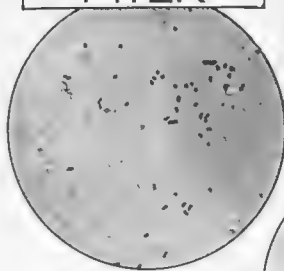
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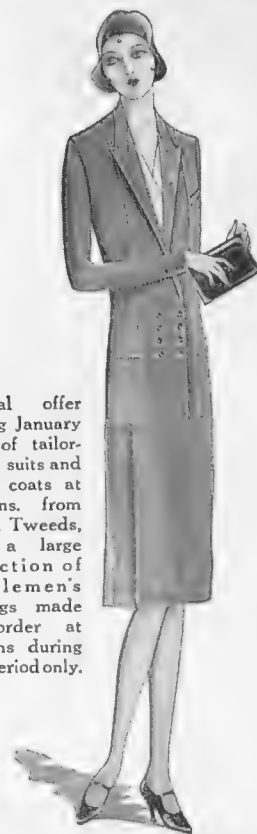


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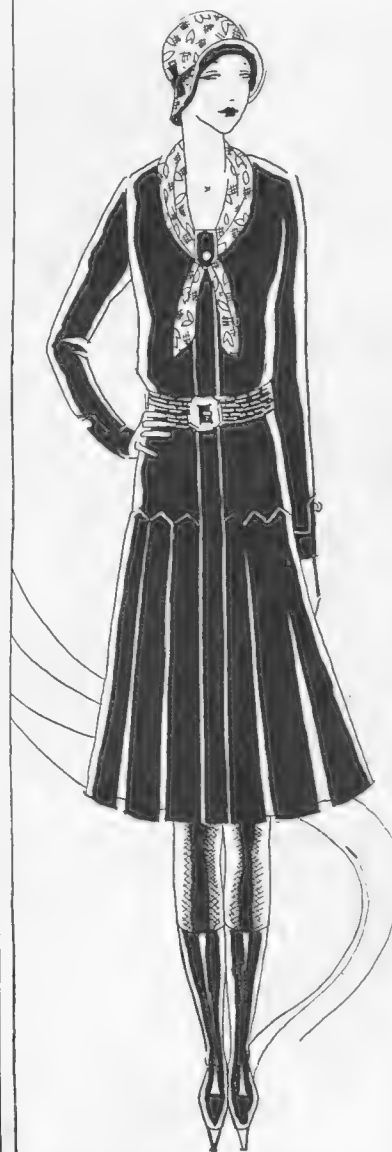
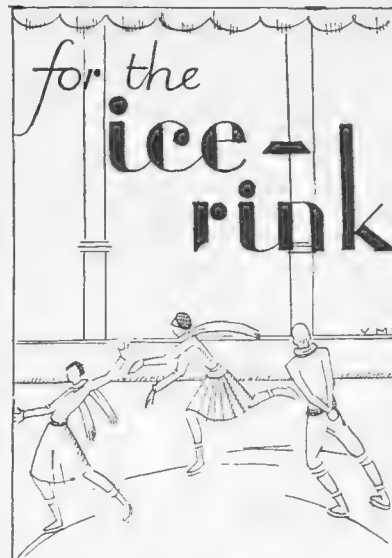
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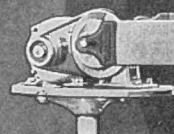
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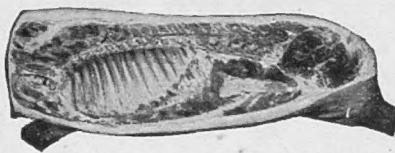
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